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# THE HARVEST MOON

BY

AUGUSTUS THOMAS



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York



## BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

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A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

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A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.) Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it. Price, 60 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City  
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"THE HARVEST MOON"

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY  
AUGUSTUS THOMAS ✓

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## PREFACE

The publisher of this play, Samuel French, New York, has already printed seven plays of mine to each of which a preface has been written.\* Each preface has attempted rather informally to give the genesis of its play in my own mind and somewhat of the method of the play's construction. The intention has been to be helpful to less experienced persons who care about the technique of playwriting.

Considering this play, *The Harvest Moon*, the subject itself seems to transcend the mere question of technique. A whole new school of psychology has in the last thirty years grown up around the subject of suggestion. One definite religious cult and several therapeutical philosophies have also been of the outcome. The limit of a preface or even of a volume of this size forbids anything like a comprehensive discussion of the subject, but such simple presentation as space and propriety permit, together with the dramatic use of it in the play itself, may prompt a study that will furnish its own compensation.

The law of suggestion as the scientists formulate it rests upon the assumption that man is endowed with two minds or with a single mind that is definitely divided into two parts. If one accepts this postulate of duality it doesn't matter much whether

\* "The Witching Hour," "In Mizzoura," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "Oliver Goldsmith," "The Other Girl," "The Earl of Pawtucket," and "The Copperhead."



the possession is of two distinct minds or of one mind definitely divided. The writers on the subject call the every-day mind with which we consciously direct our actions and consciously receive impressions and with which we think and reason *the objective mind*; that intelligence which as part of its purpose controls the automatic functions of our existence, they call *the subjective mind*.

Two important characteristics of this *subjective mind* are that it is incapable of reason, and that it accepts from whatever origin any suggestion that is not prohibited by a stronger counter-suggestion. This counter-suggestion may come from some other source or from one's own objective mind, and the suggestions so accepted by the subjective mind have all the power of fact. That they may be untrue is not taken into consideration because the subjective mind has not the power to discriminate or to reason. To quote one of our latest writers, "Every idea accepted by the Unconscious (the subjective mind) is transformed by it into a reality and forms henceforth a permanent element in our life."

I believe that for the purposes of this play the above is all that it is necessary to state as the other interesting attributes ascribed to the subjective mind such as perfect memory, the power of telepathic communication, clairvoyance, and the like, are not essential to the simple subject of suggestion on which the play is based.

During a short season in the year 1889, I had a business association with the Thought Reader, Washington Irving Bishop. I became convinced of the existence of telepathy and familiar with many of its phenomena. One department of such telepathic communication is that which has to do with suggestion. Between the year 1889 when I was with Bishop and the year 1907 when I produced the play,



The Witching Hour, which dealt with telepathy, I was progressively aware of the part that suggestion plays in every life. I was impressed by the harm everywhere apparent as the result of negative and hurtful and inhibiting suggestions, and I thought that a drama upon that theme if it could be so simplified as to be plain to the average theatregoer would be worth while. Associated with that idea I had what I think I may call a knowledge of the influence of color upon the subjective mind. I had seen persons under the influence of hypnotism demonstrate beyond any doubt in my own mind or in the minds of men of intelligence and education also present, that these hypnotized subjects were able to see what has been called an *aura*, or atmosphere, a kind of cloud surrounding every individual. This aura under proper conditions—not hypnotic—I had been able to see myself. In color it is like a vapor or fog; but while these hypnotized subjects saw it also in that neutral tone in the ordinary moods of its owner, they reported that it took on different colors at certain different moments. These moments were of differing emotional moods assumed by the persons under observation. The colors as far as our experiments were carried were invariably the same for the same respective moods. To be a little more explicit, the moods even when self-induced showed deep red for anger, rose color for affection, green for jealousy, bright yellow for gaiety, and so on. Writers on this phenomenon report that these actions between the moods and the colors are reciprocal; that is to say, that an environment of one of these colors produces in the passive recipient the respective mood of that color.

To the average reader all of this must seem quite fantastical and unreal, but I thought I could project in a play this fact of the psychological effect of



color as well as the related fact of the force of spoken suggestion.

To secure the most positive demonstration of the hurtful quality of negative suggestion I decided to start with what I thought would be the most sympathetic and pitiable personality thus unjustly used. For that character I imagined a young girl of ideal antecedents; a girl who had had a gentle mother of cultivated stock and fine training, and who had had a father of intellectual power and notable achievement. I put this girl under the influence of a dominating aunt whose adverse suggestions were continually contrary to the facts. That is to say, the aunt's suggestions were to the effect that the mother had been wayward and unreliable, impulsive and perverse, and as a final blow, that the father as far as anything was known concerning him was a scamp, and when under the continued repetition of these negative suggestions the young girl whose surroundings in other respects were all wholesome and sustaining was finally broken down, I showed a cure by a wise and authoritative denial of all these suggestions and a powerful presentation of facts as they were.

Building my story antecedent to the action of the play I have the mother as a young wife go to France in pursuit of her studies as a singer preparing for grand opera. Her husband, whose profession keeps him in America, is finally persuaded to grant her a legal separation. She meets and falls in love with a French writer who becomes the father of my heroine. A quarrel between these two people in France leaves the mother alone at the time of the girl's birth and under the sudden belief that she has not been legally married. The woman dies. The baby is taken by the first husband and brought up under his sister's care, ignorant of all these happen-



ings but constantly nagged by her New England aunt and filled with the belief that she is a person without character. To make these suggestions only stupid and not malicious I have the aunt sincere in her own opinions. To have the young girl's subsequent conduct the consequence of the suggestions alone and not of other influences, I put her in a safe New England household where all the inducements are to a well-ordered life, and then I have her behave as any sensitive girl would behave under such constantly negative predictions.

In groping for my father in the story, I was influenced by Daudet's dedication of his novel, *Sapho*, "To My Sons when they are Twenty." I have my French litterateur dedicate a novel "To My Daughter when she is Twenty," and then after years of searching for the wife from whom he parted in their first conjugal quarrel I bring him in touch with his daughter in her New England environment where she supposes herself the daughter of her foster father, and I have him arrive at the time which is crucial in her experience, and when all of the baleful suggestions are bearing their natural consequences. It is at this point in the story that the play begins.

The other people in the play, two young men who are rivals for the girl's affection; the mother of one of these who represents the social element, and the old Judge whose humor and wisdom are helpful in the extrication, I invented as my story grew and I felt the need of these special elements.

The color theory as will be seen I introduce as a demonstration when the real father is preparing the mind of his girl for the more positive and curative suggestions that he makes later on. To let the harmful suggestions of the aunt impel the girl in the line of their prediction, I make the girl's prompted



waywardness drive her toward the theatre where by association in the plan of the story it seems best to have one of her admirers an earnest actor-playwright. The reasons for the rest of the construction become plain as one reads the story as it is given in the dialogue.

The history of the play as produced is interesting. It had an anaemic existence of some sixteen weeks which is another way of saying that it had a very enthusiastic support of the thoughtful people who agreed with it and who were willing to concede that the theatre was not bound by the paralyzing dictum of "Art for Art's sake." The great body of the theatregoing public who take their drama as a matter of relaxation were not attracted, but the enduring impression that the piece made with that section of the public first referred to has encouraged me to commit its lines to print. Personally I liked it, and I have a hope that the excellent artist, Mr. George Nash, who gave such a satisfying performance of Monsieur Vavin, will some day revive it.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS.



First production, New York, 1909.

## CHARACTERS

M. VAVIN  
PROFESSOR FULLERTON  
JUDGE ELLIOTT  
WILLARD HOLCOMB  
GRAHAM WINTHROP  
HENRI  
DORA FULLERTON  
MISS CORNELIA FULLERTON  
MRS. WINTHROP  
MAID

## SCENES

ACT I.—*Studio of Marshall Fullerton at Lenox.*  
ACT II.—*Drawing Room of Mrs. Winthrop's  
Apartment, New York.*  
ACT III.—*Handsomely furnished hotel room.*  
ACT IV.—*Same as Act I.*







# “THE HARVEST MOON”

## ACT I

SCENE: *Studio of Marshall Fullerton at Lenox.*

*On the right at an angle running from the proscenium arch to about a foot off centre in 4 is the wall containing big fireplace in middle. Brick breast of fireplace dimensions 8 ft. flush with middle, overhanging that shelf which is 5 ft. 9 in. off floor is a large marine canvas in a frame. Opening off fireplace 5 ft. wide by 4 ft. high. Fireplace fitted with andirons and club squat. Left flat obliques down to 4 or 5 ft. behind tormentor so as to require no wing 1. This carries perpendicular wall about 12 ft. high, then breaks in to angle of 45 degrees running toward ridgepole. Skylight and studio light both on the inclined roof, and in left wall beginning at a distance 9 ft. from floor. Under this left light is bookcase and curtains—curtains drawn back showing well stocked book shelves—book shelves presumably above chimney breast on right. A small door in the right wall, upper corner, lets to garden; a double door between the tormentor and chimney breast in 1R. lets to room reached by three steps from the stage going up. Studio would be lighted by marine over mantelpiece fitted with hooded electrolier. Table will set at almost centre, more oblique than the right wall,*



*that is to say, if long table, more nearly parallel to footlights. Below this table and backing it will be old-fashioned hair cloth sofa so low as not to hide table or action taking place there. Heavy round top mahogany table, smaller size than writing table centre, will be at left down stage. Chippendale chair alongside; swivel chair at table. Studio to be lead color, relieved, however, by curtains on bookcase and color of old rug. The entrance in I.R. to be backed by a living room wall or reception room wall; backing same slant as left flat. Skylight to represent opaque glass on lower half—plain glass above—capable of receiving moonlight if desired.*

TIME: *August.*

DISCOVERED: *Stage empty. Enter by door right AUNT CORNELIA, followed by DORA. CORNELIA is not young. DORA is eighteen.*

CORNELIA. (C.) No, you can't explain it, Dora, and I won't excuse you for it.

DORA. Why, Aunt Cornelia, what could I have done? (R.C. Sits, gets book.)

CORNELIA. Spoken English. There is no greater piece of impoliteness than to speak a foreign language in the presence of a third person who doesn't understand it.

DORA. I only replied.

CORNELIA. (Turns L.) Replied in French.

DORA. So did papa—so did Judge Elliott.

CORNELIA. I'm not responsible for the manners of Judge Elliott—or my brother, either.

DORA. But half of the talk at the table was in French.

CORNELIA. (L.C.) It seems as if you all spoke



English until you had something to say that you didn't wish me to hear.

DORA. That's only Monsieur Vavin's animation, Aunt Cornelia.

CORNELIA. You can't lay it on Monsieur Vavin, Dora—it's inherited—your mother used to do the same thing.

DORA. I'll try not to do it again.

CORNELIA. Thank you. Now I'd like to know what it was about? (*Sits R. of table.*)

DORA. About the theatre.

CORNELIA. What about the theatre?

DORA. (*Weary*) Oh, nothing to do with me, Aunt Cornelia—the theatre as an institution. Papa thought it ought to be printed. Monsieur Vavin thought it should be played.

CORNELIA. Was he approving of it?

DORA. That is his profession—playwright. (*Rising, going R. at fireplace.*)

CORNELIA. Was he *approving* of it? Of play acting—of play actors?

DORA. He thought plays should be played.

CORNELIA. Does he approve this thing *you* are doing?

DORA. What I'm doing wasn't mentioned.

CORNELIA. I don't see why it wasn't mentioned.

DORA. Probably don't like to discuss it in my presence.

CORNELIA. (*Rises, crosses to R.*) I don't understand *you*, Dora, consenting to make all this trouble when you see your father's serious face. I never saw him so worried, not even when he was going through the same business with your mother. I should think when you see that dear, sweet face of his . . . (*Down R.*) looking as unhappy as it looked tonight, that you would just put all your *vanity* behind you and settle down into being a decent woman.



DORA. I shall be a *decent* woman, Aunt Cornelia, even in the theatre.

CORNELIA. (R.) That's what your mother said when she . . .

DORA. (C. *Interrupting*) Please don't say anything more about my mother. I can't help it if I'm *like* her. I never saw her, so I'm certainly not imitating her. (*Over L.*)

(*Enter FULLERTON and HOLCOMB.*)

FULLERTON. (R.C.) Cornelia!

CORNELIA. (C.) Marshall?

FULLERTON. Mr. Holcomb.

CORNELIA. (*Stiffly*) How d'you do?

HOLCOMB. (*Bows to CORNELIA*) Miss Fullerton. (*Crosses to L. Shakes hands with DORA.*)

FULLERTON. Won't *you* join the Judge and Monsieur Vavin a moment?

CORNELIA. Yes. (*Exit.*)

FULLERTON. (*To HOLCOMB*) Judge Elliott is my attorney and . . .

HOLCOMB. I met him at Syracuse? (*To DORA.*)

DORA. Yes.

FULLERTON. (R.) I'm asking Judge Elliott's advice about Dora's wish to play in your drama. (*HOLCOMB nods.*) Monsieur Vavin, my other guest, is the great French dramatist. Perhaps you know?...

HOLCOMB. (C.) His writing? Yes, sir.

FULLERTON. (R.C.) I want him to advise *Dora*. Later I hope *you* will consent to talk with both these gentlemen.

HOLCOMB. If you wish it.

FULLERTON. I want first to speak of the more personal question.

HOLCOMB. That is . . . ?

FULLERTON. Dora has told me that you and she expect to be married.



DORA. (L.C. *As HOLCOMB turns to her*) Our engagement?

HOLCOMB. Yes, sir.

FULLERTON. I regret you didn't consult *me*, Mr. Holcomb.

HOLCOMB. I meant to do so, Professor. . . .

FULLERTON. Before you considered yourselves engaged.

HOLCOMB. We haven't announced it.

DORA. No.

FULLERTON. Before assuming any promise.

HOLCOMB. Well—merely *talking it over* takes the *shape* of a promise if you're in earnest.

FULLERTON. There's been an announcement of Dora's engagement to our neighbor, Mr. Winthrop—some time ago.

DORA. His mother did that after I'd broken it, Papa.

FULLERTON. (R. *to* HOLCOMB) You knew of that engagement?

HOLCOMB. (*Nods*) But that was all over.

FULLERTON. Not positively over.

DORA. (C.) Positively—yes, Papa.

HOLCOMB. (L.) And Dora explained it fully.

DORA. I explained it fully to Graham, too. He understood just how I happened to do it.

FULLERTON. Happened? A betrothal isn't an accident, Dora. (*Goes R.*)

DORA. Aunt Cornelia was saying that I'd ruined my reputation by running away from school. I was frightened. *I* didn't want to grow up to grieve you, too. (*To FULLERTON.*) And when Graham asked me I was so grateful I'd have said "Yes" to anybody. But at school I had plenty of time to think it over. I hadn't done anything wrong those two weeks I was away.



HOLCOMB. (*To FULLERTON*) There wasn't any member of the company more well behaved.

FULLERTON. Graham's mother doesn't think his engagement broken.

DORA. Then he hasn't told her, that's all.

FULLERTON. Did Graham consent to break it?

DORA. He tried to argue about it, naturally.

FULLERTON. Then he evidently didn't. (*Crosses to c.*) And, Mr. Holcomb, you must consider your promise to each other—as—recalled for the present. (*Crosses up stage. Knock at door back.*) Come in!

(*Enter MRS. WINTHROP and GRAHAM WINTHROP.*

DORA R. MRS. WINTHROP is a fashionable widow, looking too young to be the mother of GRAHAM.)

MRS. WINTHROP. Good-evening.

FULLERTON. (*Goes to fireplace*) Good-evening, Mrs. Winthrop.

GRAHAM. (*To DORA*) How are you to-night?

DORA. (*Introducing*) Mr. Holcomb, Mr. Winthrop.

GRAHAM. (*Crosses to L.*) Oh, we've met at The Players, haven't we?

HOLCOMB. (*L.*) Yes.

GRAHAM. Thought so. My mother, Mr. Holcomb.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Down R.C.*) Oh, you're the gentleman that's written the play.

HOLCOMB. Yes.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To FULLERTON*) It's decided?

FULLERTON. (*R.C., over to DORA*) We're going to talk it over presently. The Judge is here—and Vavin.

MRS. WINTHROP. Cornelia told me. I've brought a book of his. Where is Cornelia?



FULLERTON. With them. I'll send her. (*Crosses R.*) Will you come and meet Mr. Vavin? (*To GRAHAM.*)

GRAHAM. (*Crosses to R.*) Yes.

FULLERTON. Mr. Holcomb?

MRS. WINTHROP. Leave Mr. Holcomb with us.

FULLERTON. (*Going*) Certainly.

GRAHAM. My French is rotten. (*Exit with FULLERTON.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Sits on sofa*) When is your play coming out, Mr. Holcomb?

HOLCOMB. (*Sits R.*) We begin rehearsals in New York to-morrow.

MRS. WINTHROP. It is quite necessary to have our little girl in it? (*Puts hand on DORA.*)

HOLCOMB. Well, I wrote the part for her.

MRS. WINTHROP. Still some other girl could play it, I suppose?

DORA. (*On sofa R. beside MRS. WINTHROP Laughing*) No!

HOLCOMB. It's a peculiar part.

MRS. WINTHROP. In what way?

HOLCOMB. I've laid considerable stress on the *personal appearance* of the girl—qualities it might embarrass Miss Fullerton to have discussed.

DORA. (*Laughing*) I think I like it.

MRS. WINTHROP. Have you any sisters, Mr. Holcomb?

HOLCOMB. None.

MRS. WINTHROP. That's unfortunate.

HOLCOMB. Yes.

MRS. WINTHROP. A man who hasn't a sister doesn't know the safeguards that should be around a girl.

DORA. (*Rises. HOLCOMB rises*) I was two weeks with that repertoire company, Mrs. Winthrop, when I wasn't fifteen.



MRS. WINTHROP. Well?

DORA. Mr. Holcomb stood between me and—  
and a great many annoyances.

MRS. WINTHROP. I'm not suggesting that a man  
can't be a gentleman, because he hasn't a sister. . . .  
(*To HOLCOMB.*) and I hope you don't *misunder-*  
*stand* me.

HOLCOMB. I should be sorry to do so.

MRS. WINTHROP. Now the theatre, of course—  
it's a career for a girl with *great* ability, and if she's  
*obliged* to adopt it.

HOLCOMB. I must ask Miss Fullerton's friends  
not to misunderstand *my* position.

DORA. (*Down L.*) They don't. They've known  
for years that I meant to try it, and that I've worried  
you constantly to get me a chance.

HOLCOMB. And it seemed to me that a part which  
considered Miss Fullerton's temperament—her limi-  
tations, if you will . . . (*Turns to DORA.*) as well  
as her marketable qualities . . .

MRS. WINTHROP. Marketable qualities! (*Rises.*)  
What an expression applied to a girl.

HOLCOMB. Doesn't Rosalind say to Phoebe,  
"*You're not for all markets?*" (*Front to soft.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Head of table. back of sofa*)  
Whatever Rosalind said to any lady is well to for-  
get—shameless creature going about like an adver-  
tisement for sanitary woollens. (*Walks.*) My child,  
this is madness, believe me.

(*Enter JUDGE ELLIOTT and CORNELIA; go up L.*  
ELLIOTT is *New York club type*, aged about  
*fifty.*)

JUDGE. Good-evening, lady.

MRS. WINTHROP. Good-evening, Judge.

JUDGE. Mr. Holcomb. (*Shakes hands. Crosses*  
*to L.*) Glad to see you again.



HOLCOMB. (L.) Thank you.

JUDGE. (L.C.) Left my host and his guests and left a fat cigar burning in there on the table just to . . .

CORNELIA. (*Up L. Anxiously*) On the table?

JUDGE. (*Mock weariness*) In a saucer, Cornelia. . . .

CORNELIA. Oh! (*DORA on settee L.*)

JUDGE. (*To MRS. WINTHROP*) Just to run in and say howdy.

MRS. WINTHROP. And run back before it goes out.

JUDGE. (C.) Oh, yes! A cigar is like love—hopeless after it once goes out.

MRS. WINTHROP. Did you tell that to your second wife?

JUDGE. Second wife comes under the head of fresh cigar.

CORNELIA. And of equal importance.

JUDGE. If you girls mean to abuse me I'll go back now. (*Crosses to R.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. We're affecting an *interest* in you, Judge.

JUDGE. An interest? Complete control! Why don't you come in and sit with us and be a good fellow?

MRS. WINTHROP. You'd never stop smoking if we encourage you.

JUDGE. Fullerton's got the nicest old Frenchman in there you ever saw. *He's* a widower, too.

CORNELIA. Nothing nice about him.

JUDGE. Well, I never dispute with an expert.

DORA. Aunt Cornelia doesn't know him, but he was with papa and me nearly all the time we were in Paris. He's a perfect dear, Mrs. Winthrop. (*DORA crosses HOLCOMB over L.*)

JUDGE. There!



MRS. WINTHROP. I'll wait, thank you.

JUDGE. (*Sits on sofa with Mrs. WINTHROP*) Then there'll be competition. (*Indicates DORA and CORNELIA.*) Come—we fish that you've strung and hung over the side of the boat want to see you land another.

CORNELIA. A smoked one.

JUDGE. Cornelia's jealous. She angled for him all through the dinner.

CORNELIA. Angled?

JUDGE. Did I say angled? I meant harpooned. He's a whale, Mrs. Winthrop.

(*Enter HENRI R.*)

HENRI. (*To CORNELIA*) Pardon, Madame—James—the butler . . .

CORNELIA. Yes? What of him?

HENRI. 'Es cut 'es hand—a soda water bottle explodes.

CORNELIA. Tell him to 'phone the doctor.

HENRI. Yes, Madame. (*Exit.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Indicates HENRI*) A new servant?

CORNELIA. (*c.*) That's a man Monsieur Vavin brought with him.

DORA. He said James cut his hand.

CORNELIA. Yes—a soda bottle.

DORA. Someone should see him.

CORNELIA. I'll attend to it. But I can't see why the doctor isn't enough.

JUDGE. (*Over R.*) Poor James—that was your fault, cutting his hand.

MRS. WINTHROP. My fault?

JUDGE. Yes. I was so agitated when I heard you were here that I asked for the Scotch and soda, and now I'm going to get it. (*Exit R.*)



MRS. WINTHROP. (*To HOLCOMB*) You're acquainted with Judge Elliott?

HOLCOMB. Yes.

DORA. (*To MRS. WINTHROP. Comes in front of sofa*) I told you! Mr. Holcomb was a member of that company I joined.

MRS. WINTHROP. Of course. It was Judge Elliott who . . .

DORA. (*Pause*) Brought me home.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To DORA*) So you've been acquainted some time?

DORA. Nearly four years.

MRS. WINTHROP. Then you're an actor, Mr. Holcomb?

(*Enter CORNELIA R.*)

HOLCOMB. A few seasons—technique—for writing.

DORA. Well?

CORNELIA. (*Going up*) Well, what?

DORA. James.

CORNELIA. Nothing serious. He's all right till the doctor comes. (*Sits at desk*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Of course, if you're an actor yourself, Mr. Holcomb, you don't see the gravity of what you're asking this young lady to do.

DORA. (*Sits sofa*) I appreciate its gravity.

MRS. WINTHROP. The theatre is a life long blight upon any woman that goes into it professionally.

DORA. I was in it professionally—two weeks.

MRS. WINTHROP. A mere childish *escapade*. You were not really in it.

DORA. Twelve one night towns.

MRS. WINTHROP. You were one of a number of little girls in short dresses. (*To HOLCOMB.*) Now she's been abroad—had three years in Paris. And



this regularly joining a company in New York—rehearsing—playing there—quite another matter.

DORA. It's a splendid part, Mrs. Winthrop. Mr. Holcomb has written it specially for *me*—and I'm going under his protection.

MRS. WINTHROP. My dear child—an author's protection is just as dangerous as the protection of any other gentleman.

HOLCOMB. Some ladies have survived it, haven't they?

MRS. WINTHROP. Not socially. (*To DORA.*) I can't understand why you do it.

DORA. (*Rises—fire*) I suppose it's inherited, Mrs. Winthrop. Aunt Cornelia says it is.

MRS. WINTHROP. Your mother wasn't an actress?

DORA. She studied for the opera.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Looking to CORNELIA*) But never joined it.

CORNELIA. (*c.*) Oh, no; but she would have joined it if she'd lived. The girl's right, Mrs. Winthrop—she does inherit it. The same foolish talk about expression—wanting to live her life . . .

MRS. WINTHROP. But a woman finds expression in her home, Dora. . . . (*DORA shakes her head.*) Her husband's home.

DORA. I can't talk about it any more, Mrs. Winthrop.

CORNELIA. *That's* as good as telling everybody to shut up—isn't it? I know that's inherited.

DORA. (*Warning*) Aunt Cornelia—the gentlemen.

(*Enter FULLERTON and VAVIN, followed by JUDGE and GRAHAM. VAVIN is distinguished gray-haired, moustached Frenchman. Legion d'Honneur button.*)



FULLERTON. Mrs. Winthrop, may I present Monsieur Vavin? (*Crosses back of sofa to L.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Monsieur Vavin.

VAVIN. Madame.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Offering hand*) I'm very pleased to meet you, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Indicates GRAHAM, who is down R.*) I have just had the honor of a cup of coffee with Monsieur, your husband, and . . .

MRS. WINTHROP. It would be interesting to know the temperature.

VAVIN. Pardon?

JUDGE. This is Mrs. Winthrop's son.

VAVIN. Her son? (*GRAHAM to fire.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. My husband has been dead fifteen years.

VAVIN. Poor gentleman!

FULLERTON. (*With HOLCOMB, C.*) Let me introduce Mr. Holcomb.

VAVIN. (*Greeting him*) Mr. Holcomb.

HOLCOMB. (*L. Giving hand*) A great honor, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*L.C.*) Professor Fullerton tells me to-night you are dramatic author?

HOLCOMB. (*L.*) My *first four act* play.

VAVIN. Also I—write for the theatre.

HOLCOMB. (*With appreciation*) I know—and your books . . .

VAVIN. Translations?

HOLCOMB. Translations—yes. (*VAVIN shrugs.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*With book*) This is an original, Monsieur Vavin. (*DORA comes over L. below table.*)

VAVIN. (*With book*) On your table? (*To FULLERTON.*) A compliment.

MRS. WINTHROP. I brought it. I hoped you



would be good enough to inscribe it. (*Rises.*)

VAVIN. With great pleasure.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To FULLERTON*) Did you see the dedication?

FULLERTON. (*Comes down, shaking head*) What is it?

MRS. WINTHROP. "To my daughter when she is twenty."

FULLERTON. (*L.C.*) To his daughter—why, I never heard you speak of a daughter, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Up at desk*) One writes something, you see. . . . (*To MRS. WINTHROP.*) That line was a caution to *all* young women not to read the book until they were *twenty*.

JUDGE. (*R. by fireplace*) But surely to read it when they *were* twenty?

VAVIN. Exactly. (*Sits at desk.*)

JUDGE. So the married ladies read it with audacity?

MRS. WINTHROP. And the young ladies read it with . . .

VAVIN. With discretion. (*FULLERTON up at bookcase.*)

JUDGE. And the sales are large? (*Goes to door.*)

VAVIN. (*Smiling*) Very large. My eye glasses—I have left them.

DORA. (*Starts to c.*) Can I get them?

VAVIN. No, please.

CORNELIA. (*Goes R.*) Where are they?

VAVIN. (*To CORNELIA, who has started to go*) If Henri will bring them—he knows.

JUDGE. (*At door back*) I think you should all see the wonderful moon just rising.

DORA. It was beautiful last night. (*Starts to go up c.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Yes, let us look at it. (*Goes up.*)



FULLERTON. (*Going out back*) Monsieur Vavin?

(*The moonlight comes from L., and does not strike characters until well out of doors.*)

VAVIN. (*C. to FULLERTON and detaining DORA*) In one minute, Professor. (*To DORA.*) It is a great pleasure to an old man, chérie, to see your bright face again. You have grown a fine lady in three years.

DORA. (*L.C.*) It's good to see you again, too.

VAVIN. (*C.*) You remember the day in the school—in Paris . . . (*Takes hands.*) when I first came to talk to the girls?

DORA. I should say I did.

VAVIN. With your wide open eyes. It was hard to understand the French then, eh?

DORA. You spoke so rapidly at first.

VAVIN. Not after the instructrice tells me "that is a little Americaine"—that girl I ask about. Now quickly, my dear—this young man—he is . . . ?

DORA. Mr. Holcomb.

VAVIN. Yes, yes—but you . . . ?

DORA. You mean . . . ?

VAVIN. Besides business—there is sentiment. (*Puts hand on heart.*) Yes?

DORA. Who told you that?

VAVIN. Nobody. But—we shall have a little tete-a-tete to-night—you and I.

DORA. (*Impulsively*) You'll help me, won't you?

VAVIN. (*Pause*) Everything!

(*Enter HENRI R.*)

DORA. I'll simply die if they keep me here.

VAVIN. (*Seeing HENRI. Pause*) Go look at the moon! (*DORA goes up. Pause.*) Well, Henri?



HENRI. The glasses of Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Taking glasses and looking after DORA*)  
She is very like her mother, Henri?

HENRI. Very like her mother, Monsieur.

VAVIN. You find no resemblance to me?

HENRI. A little, Monsieur, but most the mother.

VAVIN. (*Down R.C. Pause and sigh*) Tell the chauffeur to keep his car ready!

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Watches c. door*) It is possible that later we—we may be *de trop*, Henri.

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur. (*VAVIN nods. HENRI exit R. Enter MRS. WINTHROP C.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Comes down*) Doesn't the moon interest you, Monsieur?

VAVIN. (*Turns, goes up c.*) More than I dare tell you. I will look at it.

MRS. WINTHROP. But sign my book first! (*Gets book off desk, gives it to VAVIN.*)

VAVIN. (*Up at desk*) Yes.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*L.C.*) I'm going home—the moon will be there a long while.

VAVIN. (*Sits to write*) A long while—the moon—yes. But think, dear lady, if God gave such endurance to woman. (*Writes.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Perhaps he might if man would have been content merely looking at her.

VAVIN. Yes? Well, I am not yet old enough to make such a promise. (*Writes again.*)

(*Enter GRAHAM back.*)

GRAHAM. (*U.L.*) Ready to go, Mother?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*C.*) Mother! What could even the moon do with a great thing like this calling her mother.

VAVIN. (*Rises, comes down R.*) Only go to confession. (*Hands book.*)



MRS. WINTHROP. (*Passing book*) What has he written?

GRAHAM. (*Reading*) "Of all heavenly bodies I most envy Jupiter."

VAVIN. He has five moons.

MRS. WINTHROP. Sounds recklessly plural.

VAVIN. Only to *look at*. (*Front of sofa.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Good-night.

VAVIN. (*Smiling*) Good-night, Madam. Some time I hope when you have not to take your child home—I don't know what parents are coming to.

(*Enter DORA and HOLCOMB. CORNELIA follows.*)

DORA. Must you go, Mrs. Winthrop?

(*VAVIN and GRAHAM exeunt at back.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Up c. door*) Yes, my dear—there is a judicial atmosphere—a little nipping. Good-night. (*To CORNELIA.*) It will be all right. Dora's too sensible not to know her friends. (*To HOLCOMB.*) I hope your play succeeds, however.

HOLCOMB. (*Over r.*) Thank you.

CORNELIA. I shall see you to-morrow, Mrs. Winthrop?

MRS. WINTHROP. Indeed you will, my dear, especially if you need me. (*She and CORNELIA follow GRAHAM, who has gone out back.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Closing door*) I'll close it a minute.

DORA. (*c.*) I don't think you better. (*HOLCOMB takes her in his arms and kisses her.*) Be careful. (*Both come down front of sofa.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Looks about*) I'm willing to be caught at it.

DORA. Papa said he withheld his consent.

HOLCOMB. If I can hold *you*, Papa can do anything he wants to with his consent.



DORA. (*Sits sofa R.*) My mother married without her parents' permission and——

HOLCOMB. (*Sits on sofa L.*) Marriage is a very personal matter.

DORA. It's so hard to explain to *parents*, isn't it?

HOLCOMB. How did you come to tell him?

DORA. I wanted Papa to know I'd have *your* protection on the road.

HOLCOMB. You heard Mrs. Winthrop about that? (*Smiles.*)

DORA. But she doesn't know we're engaged.

HOLCOMB. Still she's right from her standpoint.

DORA. *You* don't want me with some *other* *author*, do you?

HOLCOMB. (*Smiling*) No.

DORA. Then don't pretend you're affected by what she says.

HOLCOMB. Doesn't it affect you?

DORA. No.

HOLCOMB. Are you doing this because you really wish to act or because the play is by me?

DORA. That old repertoire wasn't by you.

HOLCOMB. (*Smiling*) No. Thank God! (*Under breath.*)

DORA. And I didn't know you until I joined the company.

HOLCOMB. True.

DORA. (*Pause*) I went with them because there was a chance—because it was near the end of school—because I couldn't think of coming back to a life in this place.

HOLCOMB. One of the most beautiful towns in America.

DORA. I mean this house.

HOLCOMB. One of the prettiest houses——

DORA. I really mean Aunt Cornelia.

HOLCOMB. Oh! (*Pause.*)



DORA. I was perfectly happy in Paris. If Papa would have had a life-long professorship there I shouldn't have thought of the theatre.

HOLCOMB. Aren't you deceiving yourself, Dora?

DORA. Deceiving myself?

HOLCOMB. Every letter to *me* while you were in Paris was about the theatre.

DORA. I knew I was coming back to Aunt Cornelia. (*Rises.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Coming to her with meaning*) You won't have to go on the stage, to get away from your Aunt Cornelia.

DORA. Don't you *want* me to play this part?

HOLCOMB. Very much, but not because the theatre is an escape.

DORA. I don't want to be ungrateful to Aunt Cornelia. Perhaps I haven't understood her any more than she's understood me. (*Pause.*) *You* think I can act—don't you? If *you* teach me?

HOLCOMB. I'm sure of it.

DORA. That's what you said that night Miss Metcalfe was ill and I had a chance to speak her lines.

HOLCOMB. Yes.

DORA. Nothing made me do it but just your saying: "*I'm sure you can.*"

HOLCOMB. (*Takes her hands*) I'm sure you're going to make a hit in this whether my play goes or not.

DORA. Suppose I don't succeed. Will it change your feeling toward me?

HOLCOMB. Make me more careful of you——

DORA. Are you sure?

HOLCOMB. (*Smiles*) We'll get married first, if you want a guaranty.

DORA. No—if I'm a failure—I want *you* to be perfectly——(*Crosses to R. Pause.*) Well—let's think it over.



HOLCOMB. (*Laughing*) Wait for a dress rehearsal anyway.

(*Enter FULLERTON and VAVIN. HOLCOMB crosses down to L. corner.*)

VAVIN. Very young to be his mother.

FULLERTON. Yes. (*Calls*) You're coming in, Judge.

JUDGE. (*Outside*) Immediately. (*Appears with CORNELIA.*)

FULLERTON. (*C.L. coming down*) Mr. Holcomb, it is very good of you to take this long trip at my request.

HOLCOMB. (*Deferring to VAVIN—then DORA*) The effort is already repaid, Professor.

CORNELIA. (*L. coming down*) Can't you find seats?

DORA. (*Pretended aside to VAVIN*) I'm not sure I want to stay.

VAVIN. (*R. Intimately to DORA at Club squat*) Let us sit on this fence. (*Down R. sits.*)

DORA. Yes.

FULLERTON. (*Up c.*) You know Judge Elliott's relation to my family, Mr. Holcomb, both as friend and attorney?

HOLCOMB. (*Tentatively*) Yes, sir.

FULLERTON. (*At sofa L. corner*) It seems my daughter has signed a contract with you.

HOLCOMB. (*L.C. nodding*) With the management.

FULLERTON. To appear in your play? (*HOLCOMB nods.*)

DORA. (*At fireplace, rising*) It's getting just like a court house—I know I'm not going to like it—mayn't I leave you gentlemen, Judge?

JUDGE. (*At desk up c. Rising*) It's your decision, Dora, that your father hopes to win.



FULLERTON. (*Comes down c.*) Mr. Holcomb has come from New York—Monsieur Vavin has set aside more agreeable things in order to advise us—and Judge Elliott—

DORA. (*R. takes VAVIN's arm*) I know what Mr. Holcomb thinks—and I'd rather talk with Monsieur Vavin alone. We'll come in when it's all over. (*Starts up stage. To ELLIOTT.*) Please.

JUDGE. (*R. to FULLERTON*) Won't it be simpler?

FULLERTON. (*L. of sofa. Excusing her*) Very well, then—you know my views on the subject.

VAVIN. Perfectly.

DORA. (*To VAVIN*) I'll tell you mine— (*Exit with VAVIN c.*)

CORNELIA. Would you rather I left, Judge?

(*JUDGE defers to FULLERTON. FULLERTON sits on sofa L. end.*)

FULLERTON. (*To ELLIOTT*) Not unless you wish it.

JUDGE. (*Signals to CORNELIA. CORNELIA sits*) Under our Massachusetts law, Mr. Holcomb, a woman isn't competent to make a business contract before she is twenty-one. (*HOLCOMB nods.*) Your management can't hold Mr. Fullerton's daughter to that contract.

HOLCOMB. (*L. below JUDGE*) A management can't hold anybody's daughter if she wishes to leave.

JUDGE. I merely submit that you have a good excuse to give in explanation of Miss Fullerton's withdrawal—*her father objects.*

HOLCOMB. Has Miss Fullerton withdrawn?

FULLERTON. We are trying to persuade her.

HOLCOMB. On what did you wish *my* advice?

CORNELIA. (*Savagely—rises*) My brother felt that when you saw how unanimous the family was—



FULLERTON. One moment, Cornelia.

JUDGE. It's difficult to understand a manager *wanting* a young lady whose family objects.

HOLCOMB. I don't think the management knows.

JUDGE. Do you suggest that if they did know, they'd cancel the contract?

HOLCOMB. Most likely consult me.

JUDGE. Well, then, Mr. Holcomb, this all comes back to *you*. I should think you wouldn't want a young lady in a *play* if her family objected.

HOLCOMB. I'll not urge her to go. (*Rises.*)

FULLERTON. Thank you.

HOLCOMB. But on the other hand, I shan't advise her *not* to go.

CORNELIA. (*Rises*) You mean that you'll see a whole family made miserable——

FULLERTON. One moment, Cornelia.

JUDGE. (*Rises*) You mean, Mr. Holcomb, that our wishes are a matter of indifference?

HOLCOMB. The family's wishes are of so *much* importance that I decline to advise either way. Miss Fullerton is a very unusual type—her withdrawal would mean finding another lady almost her counterpart. I go as far as you can expect me when I say I shall be neutral

CORNELIA. You know one word from you would stop it.

JUDGE. That's a fact, isn't it, Mr. Holcomb?

HOLCOMB. If the Judge informs me correctly—one word from *you* would stop it.

FULLERTON. Do you ask us to take legal measures to restrain my daughter?

HOLCOMB. (L.C.) You knew I was writing this play.

FULLERTON. Yes.

HOLCOMB. With Dora in view for the principal part?



FULLERTON. Yes.

HOLCOMB. Why didn't you object earlier?

FULLERTON. My knowledge of her nature made me wish to avoid opposition. I suppose you could easily get someone else. (*To C.L. end of sofa.*)

CORNELIA. *She* knew the opposition very well—I told her.

HOLCOMB. I had no hint of it.

CORNELIA. (*Rises—fire*) No—she's too sly for that—she wouldn't——

FULLERTON. (*Front of sofa*) Cornelia.

HOLCOMB. (L.C.) Now to answer your question, professor. I hope that you *won't* take *legal measures* of restraint.

CORNELIA. I can't see how that's any affair of *yours*.

HOLCOMB. My position more concisely than I dared put it.

JUDGE. (*Down c.*) You positively *decline* to advise the young lady against this step, do you?

HOLCOMB. I decline to advise her at all.

FULLERTON. I hoped for a different answer, Mr. Holcomb; but I appreciate your frankness.

HOLCOMB. If Miss Fullerton doesn't take this part, it is my belief she will soon take some other not so good.

CORNELIA. I *agree* with you.

HOLCOMB. If that's all, Professor—— (*Defers to FULLERTON.*)

FULLERTON. Good-night, Mr. Holcomb.

HOLCOMB. Will you—or perhaps more agreeably, Judge Elliott—telephone me of any decision to-night?

JUDGE. Hotel?

HOLCOMB. The Aspinwall—yes. (*Starts up c.*) May I say good-night to Miss Dora?



FULLERTON. (*c. front of sofa*) Wouldn't your neutrality be more evident if you let me do that?

HOLCOMB. As you please. (*Crosses at back to R.*)

FULLERTON. (*Goes up c.*) Thank you.

CORNELIA. I'll show you out—our man has cut his hand.

(*HOLCOMB exit with CORNELIA.*)

JUDGE. I can't help liking the fellow. (*Crosses R.*)

FULLERTON. It's easy to understand his influence over Dora. (*Goes back up c.*)

JUDGE. I think the influence—works both ways.

FULLERTON. (*At door, calls:*) Dora!

DORA. (*Off*) Yes?

FULLERTON. (*Coming down, goes L.C.*) I've hope in what Vavin will tell her.

JUDGE. I, too. She plainly admires him.

FULLERTON. (*Over L.*) He was very kind to her in Paris.

(*Enter DORA and VAVIN.*)

VAVIN. (*c.*) I shall close the door?

FULLERTON. Please.

DORA. (*Coming down to FULLERTON, L.*) Where is Mr. Holcomb?

FULLERTON. He asked me to say good-night. (*Takes DORA's hand. Enter CORNELIA. DORA is anxious. Pause.*) Mr. Holcomb puts the burden of any decision upon us.

DORA. You mean——?

FULLERTON. He declines to advise you.

DORA. Did you ask him to advise me?

FULLERTON. Yes.



DORA. Whatever he thought best?

FULLERTON. To stay at home.

DORA. (*To c. to JUDGE*) Oh—he refused?

JUDGE. He also refused to advise you to go.

CORNELIA. (*Over R.*) So if you do go, it will be pure willfulness.

DORA. (*From sofa—pause—to VAVIN*) Do you think it's pure willfulness?

VAVIN. (*L.C.*) Not *that*—no—but—— (*Pause.*) Well, I will listen.

FULLERTON. I hope you will also advise, Monsieur.

VAVIN. Thank you. (*Crosses R.C.*)

FULLERTON. (*C. to DORA*) Monsieur Vavin has grown gray in the theatre, my dear—Mr. Holcomb is only a beginner.

DORA. (*L.*) Eight years——

FULLERTON. Of *study* principally. (*To VAVIN.*) Your professional *experience* covers how many years?

VAVIN. (*R.C.*) Oh—thirty-five.

FULLERTON. (*To DORA*) Think of it—thirty-five years in the theatre. (*To VAVIN.*) You know its hardships, heartaches, trials, its temptations. (*VAVIN bows. FULLERTON looks convincingly to DORA.*)

DORA. (*Front of sofa*) I'd like Monsieur Vavin's advice—yes.

FULLERTON. (*To VAVIN*) There!

DORA. (*To VAVIN*) What do you advise?

VAVIN. (*Cautiously*) It is not so simple.

CORNELIA. (*R.*) It's either right or wrong, isn't it?

VAVIN. I—I am an individualist—— (*Pause.*) The professor understands me, I am sure. (*DORA sits sofa.*)

JUDGE. I think we're all agreed, Monsieur. The



young lady's personal welfare is the *sole* consideration.

CORNELIA. Her *mother's* personal welfare was the sole consideration when you let *her* fly off the handle.

FULLERTON. (c.) If Dora decides to stay at home it won't be too late to adopt the stage in two—three—four years from now.

DORA. (*Desperately*) Four years of this!

CORNELIA. (*Severely*) But you're an *ungrateful* piece.

VAVIN. That is not the best way.

FULLERTON. (*Goes up c. around table*) You don't help *us* any, Cornelia.

CORNELIA. Thank you—perhaps you'll be good enough to call *me* when there's some work common enough for *my* intelligence. (*Exit R., leaving door open.*)

FULLERTON. (*Crosses to R. calling:*) Cornelia! (*DORA sits.*)

VAVIN. (*To FULLERTON and meaning CORNELIA*) Perhaps—your—— (*Crosses to JUDGE to L. Pause.*) Perhaps the conditions here are antagonistic. Sometimes a change is really better.

FULLERTON. You mean my sister? (*To DORA.*) Antagonistic?

DORA. If I stay here I don't know what may happen.

FULLERTON. Happen? Here? What could happen?

DORA. I don't know—Aunt Cornelia says my *mother* always did contrary things.

FULLERTON. I've asked your Aunt Cornelia not to talk that way.

DORA. I don't think I'd be half as likely to do anything wrong where I was on my own responsi-



bility and could forget that my mother had been unhappy.

FULLERTON. (*Goes back to end of sofa R. VAVIN goes up stage c.*) Whatever unhappiness your mother had, my dear—came from—well, would have been avoided if she had been—content at home.

DORA. Was Aunt Cornelia here *then*?

FULLERTON. She was, and we're greatly indebted to your Aunt Cornelia.

DORA. Let me think about it until morning? (*Rises.*)

FULLERTON. I want Monsieur Vavin to talk with you to-night.

DORA. (*Turns to VAVIN*) I've told you all I can. (*To FULLERTON.*) If he doesn't agree with me—and Mr. Holcomb leaves it all to me—I'll do whatever Monsieur Vavin advises. (*Goes to FULLERTON R.C.*)

FULLERTON. (*Taking her hands*) That's more like my little Dora.

DORA. That's all, isn't it? (*Crosses to L.*)

FULLERTON. (*Shaking head*) Only his decision.

JUDGE. (*Crosses to DORA*) The sun will shine to-morrow and we'll all wonder what this little tempest was all about.

DORA. (*To VAVIN*) I shan't really change my mind, you know.

VAVIN. I have too many women in my plays to think so. (*Exit DORA.*)

FULLERTON. (*Front of sofa. To VAVIN*) Your visit to America at this time is providential. (*L.*)

(JUDGE *sits.*)

VAVIN. (*c.*) The daughter has said only she will follow my *advice*.

JUDGE. What more can we ask?



VAVIN. (C.) Because she feels I am sympathetic.

FULLERTON. (R.) We've all been sympathetic.

VAVIN. All affectionate—but sympathetic to her *mood*? Do you put yourself inside of a young girl's mind? Are you again young yourselves? With the wide world a wonder book?

JUDGE. You sympathize with this erratic desire?

VAVIN. Erratic for a Judge?—yes. Erratic for a Professor—erratic maybe for an author with gray moustache, but for a young girl with—beauty—with a heart—with imagination—is it? (*Sits sofa.*)

FULLERTON. You *encourage* it?

VAVIN. I don't know—what is better?

JUDGE. You see in America, Monsieur, persons in the theatre haven't the social recognition they get in your country.

VAVIN. It is easy to be mistaken about *that*.

FULLERTON. When I telegraphed you, Monsieur, and also in our talk over the long distance 'phone I hope I indicated the advice I thought you would give the girl.

VAVIN. (*Assenting*) Also in the few words over the coffee.

JUDGE. Exactly.

VAVIN. And I have not advised her. I am first to hear you.

JUDGE. What can we tell you that—a man of the world doesn't know? In America the woman who goes on the stage closes the door of social opportunity——

VAVIN. Is it open—otherwise—this door of social opportunity?

JUDGE. Quite. We haven't the American dollar standard in New England. A professorship in Harvard is a distinction—the name "Fullerton"——

VAVIN. (*Rises, goes R.*) Oh—the name has applause in France. (*Points to FULLERTON.*) That



is the ribbon of our Legion d'Honneur—I know—but for the girl? Her *future?* *Here?*

FULLERTON. Here in the *summer*. In *winter* we are in Cambridge.

JUDGE. Practically Boston!

VAVIN. 'M-m-m.

FULLERTON. An interesting circle of eligible young men.

VAVIN. But what work? What expression? Here is temperament of the artiste—also—  
(*Pause. Back of sofa R.*) this fear.

FULLERTON. Fear?

VAVIN. Somebody tells her the *mother* has been *eccentrique*.

FULLERTON. (*To JUDGE*) Cornelia talks too much.

JUDGE. (*On settee*) It occurred to *me* Cornelia's method was bad. (*FULLERTON crosses to R.*)

VAVIN. (*Comes down L.C.*) And so I—I am sympathetic.

FULLERTON. (*Closing door R.*) I'll close these doors.

JUDGE. (*Anxious*) Did Cornelia hear me?

VAVIN. (*Smiling to JUDGE*) *You* are a little afraid, too.

FULLERTON. (*Returning*) Monsieur! (*Crosses to C. up above sofa.*)

VAVIN. Professor?

FULLERTON. Although Judge Elliott has retired from practice he is kind enough to still direct such legal business as I have.

VAVIN. I hope you will *not* invoke the law for your daughter. (*Sits R. of table L.*)

FULLERTON. (*Shaking head*) Another matter—(*Indicates surroundings.*) The money that enables us to live *here*—a professorship wouldn't—(*VAVIN bows.*) Is the interest upon a fund in trust—



(*Pause.*) I mention this because if the property were my own, the first thought in this situation would not be of that, but I must protect what I hold only in trust—(VAVIN bows.)—and Judge, a thing I am therefore now forced to tell *you*—I think Monsieur Vavin should also hear— (To VAVIN.) And *in confidence*— (*Pause. VAVIN assents.*) DORA is not my daughter!

JUDGE. (*On settee—movement*) Not your daughter?

FULLERTON. (*Shaking head*) Dora was born in France—a year after her mother divorced me and more than two years after the mother left me to study there.

JUDGE. The mother was—— (*Pause.*) That is—— (*Pause.*) You know the father? (FULLERTON shakes head.)

VAVIN. (*Pause*) The young lady believes——

FULLERTON. That *I* am her father.

JUDGE. (*Astonished*) I'd never dreamed it.

FULLERTON. Those were the two years you were so much in Mexico.

JUDGE. Of course.

FULLERTON. What should be done about that—in a will?

JUDGE. If Dora is not *your* daughter, there's no occasion to mention her.

FULLERTON. I'd like to make *some* provision for her——

JUDGE. Under the terms of this trust you can't.

FULLERTON. I can't.

JUDGE. (*Shaking head*) *You* may use it—proper heirs inherit its use, but you can't divert it.

FULLERTON. Until now the only person besides myself who knew what I've just told you men has been my sister.

JUDGE. Cornelia *knows* it? (FULLERTON nods.)



VAVIN. (*Rises*) Do you mind if I light a cigarette?

FULLERTON. Please do. If I were to die suddenly—Cornelia's statement of this would be set down as invention.

JUDGE. Unless corroborated. Are there papers to establish it?

FULLERTON. No.

JUDGE. You could get them. (FULLERTON *shakes head* "No.") The vital records of France are the most minute, most accurate in the world.

FULLERTON. The records report the mother as Madam Fullerton.

JUDGE. Oh.

VAVIN. (*Pause*) I should be very slow to believe that the mother of that beautiful girl was not a good woman.

FULLERTON. I never doubted it,—(*Above couch*)—she left a letter, Judge, that may be some evidence. (*Goes to drawer and locks box.*)

JUDGE. You have it?

FULLERTON. (*Getting letter*) You know the village of Montigny, Monsieur?

VAVIN. In France there are several villages named Montigny.

FULLERTON. Near Fontainebleau?

VAVIN. (*Nods*) Montigny-sur-Loing.

FULLERTON. She died there. Some scoundrel deceived her into believing she was his wife. (*To JUDGE.*) This letter was to *her* people—the Carrolls. (*Reads from letter.*) She asked them to take the baby and to give it *their* name. (*Gives letter to JUDGE.*) You see, Monsieur, nearly nineteen years ago—I—I was still young enough to be overcome by sentiment. The woman that I loved was—(*Pause.*)—was gone. Friends had cabled me, but my steamer



was almost a week too late—— (*Pause.*) And a baby girl in an Asylum was—all there was.

JUDGE. (*Pauses—speaks quietly.*) The thing to do with this letter is to establish it as her hand. You have other examples of her writing?

FULLERTON. (*Nodding.*) Yes.

JUDGE. And attach a certified statement of the facts.

FULLERTON. (*To front of sofa.*) Persons who knew the mother, Monsieur, are startled—actually startled—by—— (*FULLERTON looks towards door R.*) Dora's likeness to her.

VAVIN. My dear Professor——(*Pause.*)—your sentiment is easy to understand.

FULLERTON. If one may speak of her faults—her fault—it was impulsiveness. Her marriage to me was an elopement—then there in Lenox they flattered her—and—she *could* sing, Judge.

JUDGE. (*Affirming.*) Professional ability.

FULLERTON. I consented—reluctantly—to her studying in Paris—another mistake on my part. (*Going up slowly.*) Recollections of this place—(*Turns.*)—of Cambridge—mere books—and on the other hand, Paris—the Boulevards—the music—the color. I never blamed her. (*Pause.*) When she asked her freedom—it—it—hurt, but in my place? And after all, when a woman's heart once quits you—— (*Extends his hand helplessly.*)

VAVIN. (*Pause.*) You took the little girl baby to her people?

FULLERTON. No! I kept it. *It was her baby*—and——(*Pause.*)—she was gone! (*Pause.*) I tell you this, Monsieur—that you may see what a nature Dora inherits from her father—perfidy, to say the least. From the mother instability, vacillation, impulsiveness, vanity. *We can't send a girl with that*



equipment into a world of tinsel and temptation. *You can't advise that.*

VAVIN. (*Pause*) This mother——? (*Crosses to c.*)

FULLERTON. (*Pause*) Yes?

VAVIN. She wanted to *sing*?

FULLERTON. Yes.

VAVIN. (*To c.*) She went abroad to *study*?

FULLERTON. (*Comes down l.*) To Paris.

VAVIN. (*Turns to FULLERTON*) Against your wish?

FULLERTON. Yes.

VAVIN. I call that perseverance—courage—not instability—not vacillation.

FULLERTON. It was the love of applause.

VAVIN. (*Shaking head*) When a woman sings? Not more than a brook bubbling over the stones is vanity. The yellow bird in the cage at the window—(*Pause.*) There are some women, Professor, brown sparrows to build by the chimney—some to chirp at the nest and feed wide open mouths of the hungry and *then*—the lark that mounts and sings, and mounts and breaks her heart that Heaven is *still* so far—but not vanity.

FULLERTON. (*R., anxiously*) And you will advise Dora——?

VAVIN. To go.

JUDGE. (*Impressively. Rises*) You are assuming a grave responsibility, Monsieur Vavin.

VAVIN. (*More impressively, but quiet*) A grave responsibility, Monsieur.

(CURTAIN.)



## ACT II

SCENE: *Drawing room of Mrs. Winthrop's apartment, East Side, upper New York. Light green set; gold and green furniture. Two windows are in wall R. looking to Park, 6 ft. square entrance C. to reception room. Four foot entrance I.L. to hall. General tone of green and gold in hangings and rug and furniture. The style is Louis XV. Table C. with chairs; piano up L. with settee in front. Big chair below door I.L., small sofa corner up R; desk I.R. Bibilot between windows; pedestals and statuettes beside door C. Music cabinet in corner behind piano. Pictures on walls. Act plays 32 minutes.*

TIME: *September.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain MRS. WINTHROP is discovered writing.*

(*Enter GRAHAM L.I. Cut away suit, glasses, hat and cane.*)

GRAHAM. Well, I exchanged the box.

MRS. WINTHROP. Good. What did they say?

GRAHAM. Said the first performance comes off to-night just the same.



MRS. WINTHROP. (*c. back of table c.*) You told them we ought to know?

GRAHAM. Told 'em we *did* know.

MRS. WINTHROP. Did you get word to the Judge?

GRAHAM. (*Nodding*) Phoned him—before I went downtown.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Sits R. of table*) Where was he?

GRAHAM. In bed—at Club.

MRS. WINTHROP. And Dora's letter to the manager?

GRAHAM. Box office.

MRS. WINTHROP. You told them it was important?

GRAHAM. Told them what it was.

MRS. WINTHROP. Did you go inside the theatre?

GRAHAM. (*Sits sofa L.*) A minute—scrub women—carpenters. Part of that second scene set up.

MRS. WINTHROP. The one there was so much trouble over?

GRAHAM. (*Nods*) Men from carpet-stores fixing portieres that pulled down last night—stage hands—step ladders—electricians—painters—wow!

MRS. WINTHROP. Actors?

GRAHAM. Didn't see actors.

MRS. WINTHROP. I suppose the poor creatures are getting some sleep.

GRAHAM. (*Rises—goes up c.*) Well—I'm going over to Club and play a game of hand-ball.

MRS. WINTHROP. Who meets Cornelia? (*Rises.*)

GRAHAM. (*Smiling grimly*) I don't. (*Back at table.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. We can't ignore her telegram.

GRAHAM. Telegram didn't say meet her.

MRS. WINTHROP. Of course not, but you can't let Dora's Aunt arrive at 42nd Street, alone. (*Goes R.C.*)



GRAHAM. (*Smiling*) Seems to me Aunt Cornelia should get accustomed to arriving alone.

(*Enter MAID L.I.*)

MAID. Judge Elliott.

MRS. WINTHROP. Ask the judge to come in. (*Exit MAID L.I.*) Graham, if you don't meet Cornelia, I'll have to. (*Goes up desk.*)

GRAHAM. (*Up c.*) Wish you wouldn't be so old-fashioned, mother.

(*Enter JUDGE L.I.*)

JUDGE. Well, how is it now?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Comes down L.C.*) You're just out of bed. (*GRAHAM up R.*)

JUDGE. (*L.C.*) Do you know what time I got to bed?

MRS. WINTHROP. You left us at three.

JUDGE. Quarter past, thank you. Then I went to the police station—(*GRAHAM and mother start.*)—with that damn—I beg your pardon—that Amsterdam taxicab.

GRAHAM. Police station?

JUDGE. (*Crosses c.*) The driver said that when we all got out at the theatre somebody told him to wait.

GRAHAM. (*Dazed*) I told him to wait.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Sits*) Why?

GRAHAM. Why—thought we might have to go round to the stage door.

JUDGE. (*To MRS. WINTHROP. R. of T.*) I was holding the umbrella over you and Dora—

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To GRAHAM*) Didn't you pay him?

GRAHAM. (*Smiling*) Don't think I did.



MRS. WINTHROP. And he waited until that dress rehearsal was over?

GRAHAM. (*Grins*) Seems so——

JUDGE. Waited twelve dollars and eight cents worth.

GRAHAM. Comes high!—this sporting life.

JUDGE. (*Goes R.*) At the station—I offered to punch his nose.

MRS. WINTHROP. You did? (*GRAHAM down L.*)

JUDGE. I did. He offered to let me and then I bought a drink for him and the sergeant and several reserves and he took me home to the Club. Five o'clock and the milk wagons while I was saying my "Now I lay me——" (*To GRAHAM.*) What day of the week is this? (*Looks out of window R.*)

GRAHAM. Monday.

JUDGE. Well, what's the row? (*Sits R. of c. table.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Dora says she won't play.

JUDGE. Has Holcomb apologized?

MRS. WINTHROP. We haven't heard from him.

JUDGE. Didn't Dora send my letter?

GRAHAM. Not verbatim.

JUDGE. (*Rises*) Going to be her own lawyer, is she?

MRS. WINTHROP. She left out—the demand for an apology.

JUDGE. Why?

MRS. WINTHROP. She felt they'd certainly apologize if their performance depended on it.

JUDGE. (*Comes to table*) Did you advise her to take that stand?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Rises*) No—but I'm glad she did.

GRAHAM. She——

(*Enter DORA L.V. JUDGE crosses.*)



DORA. Did you see him?

GRAHAM. (*Down R. Shakes head*) Box office.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To GRAHAM*) You told them there'd be no performance? (*GRAHAM nods. Joins mother at desk.*)

JUDGE. (*Coming down*) That's hardly fair play, my dear.

DORA. I've thought it over all night, my mind's made up.

JUDGE. But Dora—that's fine—four weeks ago—or two—but on the day of the production——

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Having taken up letter Crosses to C. Arch—followed by GRAHAM*) Oh, Judge, I've a telegram to show you. (*Signals encouragement to GRAHAM. Exit with JUDGE C.L.*)

DORA. You heard the trouble? (*Sit settee R.C.*)

GRAHAM. (*Back of table*) Outrageous—you're perfectly right.

DORA. I know I'm right—because there's more in my mind than—than just that trouble at last night's rehearsal—but I want to appear right in other people's judgment. Aunt Cornelia says I inherit an erratic disposition.

GRAHAM. (*Coming down L. of settee*) 'Tisn't erratic, Dora, to wash your hands of the whole outfit. Holcomb's conduct is enough, but you've a still better reason.

DORA. What?

GRAHAM. Myself. Mother never came back to New York as early as this——

DORA. I knew she did it for me.

GRAHAM. She did it for me. I said that's just an infatuation with Dora. Something will open her eyes and then I want her to feel that she's with friends.

DORA. I couldn't have gone through it without her.



GRAHAM. I said we don't want Dora alone—nor in a hotel—we must open the apartment. You know mother still thinks we're engaged.

DORA. No, she doesn't. (*Rises, crosses to him.*) When she asked me to come here—I made sure she wasn't deceiving herself.

GRAHAM. I still think we're engaged.

DORA. No.

GRAHAM. If this play goes on without you, they'll tell the public you weren't equal to it.

DORA. (*Turns from him to table*) If the play goes on without me I don't care what they tell the public.

GRAHAM. Let us tell them first—that the man you're going to marry objects to the theatre.

DORA. (*Looks at him. Crosses up, sits settee R.C.*) I feared you'd misunderstand my stopping here.

GRAHAM. (*Drags chair to sofa from R. of table*) I haven't, and don't misunderstand me. I want you to see how comfortable a girl could be here—what a cozy little family we'd make. You haven't had a chance at New York these three weeks—dress-makers, rehearsals, photographers. Why not be a woman of leisure and dignity? You're too good for that theatrical life.

(*Enter MAID L.I.*)

MAID. The dressmaker, Miss Fullerton.

DORA. Let her go to my room.

(*MAID bows and exits. Enter MRS. WINTHROP and JUDGE.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*C. back of table*) Really, Graham—you must meet that train. (*JUDGE goes L.*)

GRAHAM. (*Putting back chair. To JUDGE*)



Judge, you haven't any business near the 42nd Street Station?

JUDGE. None. Besides—telegram wasn't for me.

MRS. WINTHROP. From Lenox—Cornelia.

DORA. (*To JUDGE*) Aunt Cornelia? (*JUDGE points to GRAHAM.*)

GRAHAM. Going to meet her—yes. Good-bye. (*Exit L.I.*)

DORA. Why is she coming?

JUDGE. I telegraphed your father of the possibility of your not playing—

DORA. He wants me to go back with her.

JUDGE. Think of the happiness it will bring to him. (*Back of table.*)

DORA. (*On sofa*) It's like going back to prison.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Sitting by her, L.*) Cornelia shan't take you back.

DORA. It doesn't matter who takes me back if I have to go.

MRS. WINTHROP. You won't. I want you to spend this Winter with me in New York—I'll get Cornelia's consent, I know.

JUDGE. And I'll answer for the Professor.

DORA. I couldn't do that, Mrs. Winthrop.

MRS. WINTHROP. Why?

DORA. Every year counts with a girl who intends to work in the theatre.

JUDGE. But—we've resigned. (*Corner down R. of table, sit.*)

DORA. This play—but I've had two other offers since we've been rehearsing.

MRS. WINTHROP. Graham explained those offers, my dear. (*To JUDGE.*) He says the other syndicate always does that to make the actors dissatisfied.

JUDGE. Don't you see, Dora, how rapidly the business lowers your standard.

DORA. I don't understand you.



JUDGE. You took this engagement because you knew the author and you felt protected. Already you talk of other engagements—almost any other.

DORA. It's going to be my life, isn't it?

JUDGE. (*Goes R.C.*) I hope not.

MRS. WINTHROP. And I think not. Now I've a compromise to propose. You haven't seen much of the theatre and I believe a girl can learn more about it seeing four or five different plays every week than she can by acting an entire season in just one.

DORA. (*Rising. Crosses to L.C. front*) It wouldn't be fair to you, Mrs. Winthrop.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Rise*) Fair to me? You in the center of my box parties?

JUDGE. (*Rise step toward DORA*) And there'll be the opera.

MRS. WINTHROP. And the Horse Show.

JUDGE. And I know you like dogs and automobiles.

DORA. (*Shaking head*) It wouldn't be fair.

JUDGE. Pay your board if you want to. (*Crosses R. back of MRS. WINTHROP and drop R.*)

DORA. (*To MRS. WINTHROP and taking her hand*) You're doing it because Graham asked you and I'm in a false position.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To JUDGE—explaining*) The children were engaged and it's off temporarily over a little quarrel. (*JUDGE looks up at DORA.*)

DORA. (*L.C.*) No, that isn't it. You remember, when—when I came home with you?

JUDGE. (*Crosses, taking her hand*) Yes.

DORA. Such heart-breaking days with Aunt Cornelia. She said I was growing up just like my mother. That a girl who ran away from her school couldn't hope for much; and one day, on that seat around the big elm—

JUDGE. (*Nodding*) Near the foot-bridge.



DORA. I was crying. I'd thought of myself only as a little girl up to that time—and Graham—Graham found me there. He told me not to cry. He put his arm 'round me—why any girl would have promised any man under those circumstances—any nice man.

JUDGE. (*To MRS. WINTHROP on his R.*) Absolutely normal so far.

DORA. I'm sorry Graham—remembered it.

MRS. WINTHROP. Well, he did remember it.

JUDGE. Men often do.

MRS. WINTHROP. You did.

JUDGE. (*Sighs*) Twice.

DORA. Then papa and I—went to Paris. But I wrote Graham that I thought we hadn't—talked it over enough.

JUDGE. It is one of the most durable topics.

DORA. I haven't any right to spend a winter here with you—and Graham—if he still feels as he does.

(JUDGE goes L.)

MRS. WINTHROP. You have if I ask you.

DORA. (*Shaking head*) It would be vain—egotistical.

JUDGE. I see Dora's view point. She declines to trade on your hopes in the situation.

DORA. That's what I wanted to say.

JUDGE. That's what you *have* said by your attorney.

(*Enter MAID with card L.I.*)

MAID. A gentleman to see Miss Fullerton.

DORA. (*Gets card*) Mr. Holcomb. (*Uncertain.*) Well—yes—I'll see him.

(*Exit MAID.*)



JUDGE. (*Crosses c. to Mrs. Winthrop*) We complicate matters, don't we, we old material?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Goes behind table*) Do you wish to see him alone, Dora?

DORA. (*Arranging hair at mirror on desk*) I'm not afraid to see him alone.

JUDGE. Of course not. (*Points to Mrs. Winthrop to go out c. and go up.*)

(*Enter HOLCOMB.*)

HOLCOMB. Good-afternoon. (*JUDGE nods.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. How are you?

JUDGE. Mrs. Winthrop and I will be in the dining room, my dear.

DORA. Thank you.

(*Exit JUDGE and Mrs. Winthrop c.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Pleadingly*) Dora.

DORA. Mr. Holcomb.

HOLCOMB. (*With letter*) You can't mean this.

DORA. (*Coming down*) I do mean it.

HOLCOMB. Why, a fellow's sweetheart doesn't desert him at such a time.

DORA. He doesn't humiliate her as you did me.

HOLCOMB. Humiliate you?

DORA. Before everybody.

HOLCOMB. When I stopped your scene with Ludlow?

DORA. Yes. (*Sits on sofa.*)

HOLCOMB. You were introducing the most radical changes—things the public wouldn't have stood a moment. Why, dear Dora, I was protecting you.

DORA. Do you call that protection—running down the center aisle clapping your hands like a madman—calling in the most brutal way?



HOLCOMB. Brutal?

DORA. In tones you'd never used before—"No—no—no—stop it."

HOLCOMB. Excited, of course, who wouldn't be? His first big play and everything wrong—dresses—scenery—text—but——

DORA. You call that protecting me?

HOLCOMB. Yes—when I stop you from playing a poetical love scene in that—well what shall I call it? I don't like to use the word vulgar. (*Goes to table c.*)

DORA. You did use it last night.

HOLCOMB. Speaking to Ludlow.

DORA. But speaking of me.

HOLCOMB. Of his scene.

DORA. His scene with me? (*Rises.*)

HOLCOMB. With you—to be sure. But you're a beginner and Ludlow misled you—he knows he did.

DORA. He didn't mislead Mrs. Winthrop.

HOLCOMB. Mrs. Winthrop?

DORA. Yes—she didn't think it was vulgar—and Judge Elliott didn't think so.

HOLCOMB. But, dear girl, be reasonable. I can't turn the big scene in my play over to Mrs. Winthrop and Judge Elliott—at the dress rehearsal—it's too late—the author's idea must control then. I'm sorry those people—sorry anybody—was there.

DORA. They're very nice people.

HOLCOMB. Fine—but——

DORA. But what?

HOLCOMB. They're not stage managers and they don't know my play.

DORA. (*Sits L. of table*) They saw the rehearsal and they don't like it.

HOLCOMB. I saw the rehearsal and I don't like it—but—I'm hoping for better things to-night. I



want you to come down now and go over that scene with Ludlow.

DORA. No—no. (*Rises.*)

HOLCOMB. Why, Dora, think what you're doing to me. I apologize for anything I said in my excitement——

DORA. There's more than that——

HOLCOMB. What more?

DORA. Things—in my mind and heart.

HOLCOMB. Tell me.

DORA. I'll tell no one—but I won't go to the theatre.

HOLCOMB. Is it your friends here?

DORA. You can't make me tell by asking questions. I've made up my mind not to play. (*Speaks at door.*) Mrs. Winthrop.

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Off*) Yes, dear. (*DORA drops down back of sofa.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Follows DORA*) Dora—Miss Fullerton—you can't be so cruel as that. Is it this man again—Graham Winthrop?

(*Enter JUDGE and MRS. WINTHROP.*)

DORA. I've decided——

MRS. WINTHROP. To play?

DORA. No. (*Goes up to her.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Splendid. (*Takes DORA in arms, she and MRS. WINTHROP go over L. JUDGE comes down R.C.*)

HOLCOMB. (*To JUDGE*) You see the injustice of this, Judge Elliott—as a mere matter of contract—business.

JUDGE. I gave you our Massachusetts law on the contract, Mr. Holcomb, at Lenox. And it was poor business to persuade a girl against her family and friends.



HOLCOMB. Her family finally decided.

JUDGE. Only Vavin decided, and he was prejudiced.

HOLCOMB. Does Vavin advise this decision?

JUDGE. Monsieur Vavin hasn't been consulted.

HOLCOMB. Oh! (*Pause—goes to L. end of sofa.*) If that theatre's dark to-night or some stock actress goes on and reads that part—you'll have set me back a good two years in the fight I'm making. (*DORA starts.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*L.—restraining DORA*) What is that against a young girl's life, Mr. Holcomb?

(*HOLCOMB starts to speak—looks at watch—exit L.I.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Cheerily*) He's gone.

DORA. (*Dejected*) He's gone.

JUDGE. Now let's all forget it.

DORA. Maybe we *should* have asked Monsieur Vavin.

MRS. WINTHROP. Would you take his advice after reading his book?

DORA. No—no—— (*Going L.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Stay here, dear.

DORA. I'll explain to the dressmaker. (*Exit L.2.*)

JUDGE. What book?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Taking book from piano*) This one—with the dedication—"To my daughter when she is twenty."

JUDGE. Bad?

MRS. WINTHROP. Shocking. (*Throws it down on table c.*)

JUDGE. I'll borrow it. (*Takes book.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. You'll not. (*Recovers book.*)

JUDGE. (*Yielding—front of table*) Then I'll buy



it. In the matter of depravity I mean to hold my own with my lady friends, at least.

MRS. WINTHROP. I think I'll go back to Lenox.

JUDGE. What—re-open that place?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Shaking head*) Go to the Inn—with Dora.

JUDGE. Why?

MRS. WINTHROP. She doesn't want to go to Cambridge with Cornelia, and for a while she should be away from this man—and his old play.

JUDGE. But what's to become of me?

MRS. WINTHROP. I know—if you read this book—but I'm too polite to tell you.

JUDGE. You're making it more attractive every minute. (*Above settee.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Will you stay in New York?

JUDGE. I can't tell until I read the book. Is its baneful attractiveness—metropolitan?

MRS. WINTHROP. Universal!

JUDGE. Then I'll return to Lenox with you.

MRS. WINTHROP. You compliment me——

JUDGE. (*Nods*) My intention——

MRS. WINTHROP. Not overpoweringly—but—I'm nearing a time of life when every little may be said to help.

JUDGE. I never feel so exiled, Gertrude,—(MRS. WINTHROP *turns and looks at* JUDGE.)—as when you assume that mask of playful insincerity.

MRS. WINTHROP. Gertrude?

JUDGE. (*Positively*) Gertrude.

MRS. WINTHROP. Very few persons call me by my first name.

JUDGE. Very few persons should.

MRS. WINTHROP. I agree with you.

JUDGE. Especially after we're married.

MRS. WINTHROP. You and I? (JUDGE *nods.*)  
Are we to be married?



JUDGE. Yes.

MRS. WINTHROP. I haven't known it.

JUDGE. You would have talked about it— (*Sits L.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh——

JUDGE. So I kept it to myself.

MRS. WINTHROP. How long have you known it?

JUDGE. Known it positively—only these three weeks we've been more or less together in New York, but for the past two years I—I've feared it.

MRS. WINTHROP. As I understand it, Judge, this trouble of yours is—intermittent?

JUDGE. Intermittent? (*MRS. WINTHROP nods. Pause.*) You're forgetting the alimony.

MRS. WINTHROP. Am I?

JUDGE. (*Rises*) Yes—those attacks are remittent.

MRS. WINTHROP. I see.

JUDGE. But despite both my sad experiences, Gertrude——

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Rises behind table*) I don't know that I care for Gertrude.

JUDGE. I like it—dignified and not funny. It isn't every feminine first name that can—stand the strain of a second marriage.

MRS. WINTHROP. You're talking dreadful nonsense.

JUDGE. I'm being fatefully prophetic.

MRS. WINTHROP. And your phophecy is——?

JUDGE. Our wedding.

MRS. WINTHROP. Never. (*Sits R.C.*)

JUDGE. (*Over back of sofa*) How can you be so—so unobserving—why even your maid—and the butler noticed it.

MRS. WINTHROP. Noticed what?

JUDGE. The way *I fit into* the apartment—the warmth and human feeling I bring into this re-



frigerator. They notice the inexorable fate at work.

MRS. WINTHROP. Let's wait until Cornelia comes and see what she notices.

JUDGE. Cornelia? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods maliciously.*) What has she to do with it?

MRS. WINTHROP. An old maid on your account.

JUDGE. (*Savagely*) Who says that?

MRS. WINTHROP. Everybody.

JUDGE. I was a married man when Cornelia first saw me.

MRS. WINTHROP. That only made you more fatal.

JUDGE. Did it? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods.*) Well, it *protected* me.

MRS. WINTHROP. Protected you? (JUDGE *nods.*) But not Cornelia.

JUDGE. (*Impatiently*) I never spoke a word of sentiment to Cornelia in my life. Why nineteen years ago—Cornelia——

MRS. WINTHROP. Cornelia was nineteen years younger.

JUDGE. She was—and her unattractiveness had the aggression of youth. (*Pause.*) Cornelia? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods.*) Have we been coupled in the public mind? (MRS. WINTHROP *nods.* JUDGE *looks himself up and down.*) Then I appeal to your humanity—I'm entitled to your conjugal protection.

(*Enter GRAHAM.*)

GRAHAM. Mother—Miss Cornelia Fullerton——

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To JUDGE*) —and you hear the rustle of their wings.

JUDGE. Warranted not to tear.

(*Enter CORNELIA. GRAHAM goes down R.*)



MRS. WINTHROP. Cornelia.

CORNELIA. Mrs. Winthrop—really decided?

MRS. WINTHROP. Yes.

CORNELIA. (*c. to JUDGE*) I wish you could have seen my brother when your message came. (*Takes his hand.*) Another debt we owe you.

JUDGE. Forget it—forget them all, Cornelia. (*Turns to GRAHAM R.*) You know really—it must be lonesome for Dora at times.

GRAHAM. Beastly.

(*Enter MAID.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Well?

MAID. That French gentleman—Mister——

MRS. WINTHROP. Monsieur Vavin?

MAID. Yes, ma'am. (*MRS. WINTHROP turns to JUDGE.*)

JUDGE. Well? (*Pause.*) Four of us!

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To MAID*) Ask Monsieur Vavin to come in.

(*Exit MAID.*)

CORNELIA. I suppose he admits *his mistake*?

MRS. WINTHROP. I'm not sure he knows of it.

CORNELIA. Where's Dora?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To JUDGE*) You explain it if you think best. (*To CORNELIA.*) Come.

(*Exit MRS. WINTHROP with CORNELIA door c.*)

GRAHAM. Shall we tell him?

(*Enter VAVIN L.*)

GRAHAM. Good-afternoon.



VAVIN. Good-afternoon.

JUDGE. Monsieur.

VAVIN. Mister Holcomb—telephoned me.

JUDGE. Yes.

VAVIN. For me it is easy to understand his excitement, and I promise to see the—the young lady. (*To GRAHAM.*) That is possible?

GRAHAM. Possible—yes—but it won't do any good.

VAVIN. That is also—possible.

JUDGE. That's probable.

GRAHAM. I'll tell Dora you ask for her. (*Crosses c. goes up.*)

VAVIN. I ask the domestique to tell her.

GRAHAM. Oh!

(*Enter DORA.*)

DORA. Monsieur Vavin.

VAVIN. Mademoiselle. (*Takes her hand.*)

DORA. My aunt is here—I'm going home.

VAVIN. Home! (*To JUDGE.*) That is a fine word in your language. (*To DORA.*) I came to see you, my dear, for Mr. Holcomb.

DORA. (*Agitated*) Mr. Holcomb?

JUDGE. As Miss Fullerton has decided for herself, Monsieur, I trust you won't try to disturb her decision.

VAVIN. I shall say nothing except in your presence, Judge—(*Bows*)—but I should like her to tell me alone.

DORA. Yes.

JUDGE. (*Goes up*) I accept your promise, Monsieur.

VAVIN. Though I regret, Judge, to burden you when you are ill.

JUDGE. I'm not ill.



VAVIN. No? Well, to me your face—but no matter.

JUDGE. (*Going with GRAHAM*) You think I look ill?

GRAHAM. Not ill—no—— (*Exit with JUDGE.*  
VAVIN *extends hands.*)

DORA. (*Sits sofa—taking VAVIN's hand.*) It all happened at rehearsal.

VAVIN. One moment. (*Pause.*) You see, *ma cherie*, you have more time than I have——

DORA. More time than you?

VAVIN. (*Nodding*) You are younger.

DORA. Oh.

VAVIN. And you can be as calm. This moment is one moment—in the life—and we shall make the life—calm—(*Pause.*)—*n'est pas*.

DORA. I'll try. (*VAVIN nods and smiles. Pause.*) I wish you'd seen our dress rehearsal.

VAVIN. I was not invited.

DORA. There weren't many there—— (*Pause.*) Our leading man is named Ludlow. (*VAVIN nods.*) Some persons think he's the best leading man in America. (*Pause.*) Anyway, I think he knows more about *acting* than Mr. Holcomb knows. (*Pause. VAVIN nods.*) I was very anxious to *please* Mr. Holcomb and—we had some private rehearsals.

VAVIN. You and——?

DORA. And Mr. Ludlow.

VAVIN. Not Mr. Holcomb?

DORA. No—— (*Pause.*) Mr. Ludlow said Mr. Holcomb wouldn't like our way of playing the big scene and he advised keeping it secret till the first performance to-night. (*VAVIN nods.*) But I thought we'd better try it last night. Well—I wouldn't have minded doing it Mr. Holcomb's way—but—he said *things* I just can't forgive.



VAVIN. For example?

DORA. He called the scene—vulgar.

VAVIN. (*Pause*) You can't forgive that.

DORA. Never.

VAVIN. You have told me everything?

DORA. Everything.

VAVIN. (*Pause*) 'm. (*Pause.*) So you refuse to play?

DORA. Don't you think I'm right?

VAVIN. I promised to give my opinion with the Judge.

DORA. I'll call him—in a minute. (*Pause.*) I want you to say I'm right anyway.

VAVIN. Is there something more, *cherie*?

DORA. More?

VAVIN. (*Nodding*) On your heart—do you tell me all?

DORA. (*Pause*) I just couldn't play, that's all—in that company.

VAVIN. The company?

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. (*Pause*) You remember the Sunday night—four weeks ago—we are in the moonlight?

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. Good friends?

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. And a girl's heart? Then you showed me—inside of it? (*Pause. DORA nods quickly—repeatedly—almost imperceptibly.*) Well? (*Pause.*) To-day.

DORA. (*Pause*) That company—they said that would happen.

VAVIN. *What* would happen, *cherie*?

DORA. Mr. Ludlow.

VAVIN. Tell me.

DORA. (*Pause*) I don't believe my mother was—vulgar.



VAVIN. And I don't believe it—but tell me.

DORA. I liked the way we did the scene—and if it *was* vulgar—why, there is something wrong with *me*.

VAVIN. But the *company*—you said—what was it of the company?

DORA. They predicted it—that's all——

VAVIN. Predicted what?

DORA. (*Pause*) Mr. Ludlow's like a good many men in the theatre—the girl in the company generally has *liked* him.

VAVIN. (*Pause*) Yes. (*Pause.*) Yes. (*Meaning "I see."*) And the sentiment we talked about? The sentiment we think we had for the author, Mr. Holcomb.

DORA. (*Rises—impulsively*) I'm not good enough for a man like him. (*Handkerchief to face.*)

VAVIN. (*Follows her*) Cherie—— (*Pause.*) Cherie—look to me—an old friend—who loves you—in my eyes.

DORA. (*Innocently*) Well?

VAVIN. With this man? Ludlow—what is it?

DORA. I was wrong.

VAVIN. (*Follows*) Wrong? (*Hands towards her.*) Cherie!

DORA. Yes—Mr. Holcomb was right. As I think it over the scene must have been vulgarly done.

VAVIN. (*Quickly*) The scene—the *scene* was wrong?

DORA. Our way of doing it—yes.

VAVIN. (*Relieved*) Oh—— (*Goes up. Pause.*) Go on. (*Back to c.*)

DORA. And I approved of it. (*Sits.*) I—submitted to it. The man's way—was not—*repugnant*—to me, as it should have been to a nice girl. And there must be something—— (*Shakes head.*)



wrong with *me*—not to have seen it—as quickly as Mr. Holcomb saw it.

VAVIN. Ah!

DORA. Aunt Cornelia was right, too. I *haven't* inherited a proper sense of refinement. (*Weeps.*)

VAVIN. (*Pause. To table*) Some day I hope to tell Aunt Cornelia—— (*Pause.*) A few things—— (*Pause.*) And this company—my dear—this company said—what?

DORA. That I'd be like the juvenile woman in every company—infatuated with Mr. Ludlow.

VAVIN. I see—— (*Pause.*) But why are you unhappy? (*Pause.*) There *was* some infatuation?

DORA. (*Rises*) That's why I hate myself. Mr. Holcomb is worth a hundred Ludlows.

VAVIN. Mr. Holcomb—you still—love him?

DORA. Too much to let him throw himself away on a woman of my shallowness.

VAVIN. Shallowness?

DORA. Yes—I've no more character than a shameless—— (*Pause.*) I'm like that horrid woman *you* wrote about.

VAVIN. I wrote about?

DORA. There——

VAVIN. Oh, you have read this?

DORA. Yes—"To my daughter when she is twenty."

VAVIN. How old are you, Miss Fullerton?

DORA. Eighteen—— (*Points to book.*) Good women are not like that—I know it.

VAVIN. What are good women like?

DORA. They love one man—they don't flutter—like a weather vane just because some other reasonably strong man is—left alone with them.

VAVIN. 'M—then I made this girl wrong in my book?

DORA. You didn't make her nice—and that's one



of the things I don't like about Mr. Holcomb's play.

VAVIN. Mr. Holcomb makes the same mistake?

DORA. Yes—(*Sits sofa.*)—only there I was a young married woman, unhappy about my husband's best friend.

VAVIN. That must be a very original play. (*Pause.*) Does Mr. Ludlow play the—the husband's *best* friend?

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. (*Going up*) I see—well, I am ready for my—opinion—— (*Calls.*) Gentlemen.

GRAHAM. (*Off*) Yes.

DORA. (*Rises, goes up to VAVIN*) You understand it better than anybody—because I haven't told them.

VAVIN. They only know——?

DORA. Mr. Holcomb's rudeness.

(*Enter JUDGE. VAVIN comes down c.*)

JUDGE. Well, Monsieur?

VAVIN. I prefer to talk of it with you, Judge, when you are quite well.

JUDGE. Quite well?

VAVIN. Not sick.

JUDGE. I'm not sick.

VAVIN. You are sure?

JUDGE. Perfectly.

VAVIN. Your face is pale—and the eye—well, I am sure you are not feeling—just right. (*Turns away L.*)

JUDGE. Haven't an ache or a pain.

VAVIN. 'M—good.

JUDGE. Up a little late at that blamed rehearsal, but——

VAVIN. Perhaps it is *that*——

JUDGE. Got eight hours' sleep after all.



VAVIN. But why excite yourself, my dear Judge?

JUDGE. Excite myself?

VAVIN. (*Front of table*) When you should rest—be quiet.

JUDGE. I'm not exciting myself.

VAVIN. Too much—when—well—when a man's face looks like that—— (*Goes up R.*)

DORA. (*Cross L.*) Sit down, Judge.

JUDGG. What's the matter with my face?

VAVIN. You have no pain?

JUDGE. Not at all.

VAVIN. You are strong?

JUDGE. Strong enough.

VAVIN. Strange—strange. (*JUDGE feels his face and looks in mirror on desk up R. GRAHAM stays up R.*)

(*Enter MRS. WINTHROP.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Good-afternoon, Monsieur.

VAVIN. Madam.

MRS. WINTHROP. I've arranged it, Dora. You're to visit with me. (*DORA sits L. corner in armchair.*)

JUDGE. (*At desk*) Here or Lenox?

MRS. WINTHROP. Either.

JUDGE. Lenox, I'd say.

VAVIN. (*To JUDGE*) Why talk of it—if you are not strong?

MRS. WINTHROP. What's the matter? (*VAVIN indicates the JUDGE.*)

JUDGE. I suppose I show my late hours.

VAVIN. Look at his face.

JUDGE. You see anything?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*Hesitating*) Why I——

GRAHAM. Your color isn't as high as sometimes, but——



VAVIN. (*To MRS. WINTHROP*) And those lines there and there? My dear Madam——

MRS. WINTHROP. Don't stand, Judge.

JUDGE. (*Sits sofa R.*) Don't make a baby of me.

MRS. WINTHROP. What about some tea?

JUDGE. Haven't had my breakfast an hour——  
(*VAVIN takes his pulse.*) I don't need tea—if I have to take anything, some rye whiskey.

GRAHAM. (*Going*) And soda?

JUDGE. No, straight.

(*Exit GRAHAM C.*)

VAVIN. You didn't feel this coming on?

JUDGE. Remember thinking the elevator started and stopped a little suddenly—but——

VAVIN. 'M——

JUDGE. Pulse is all right, isn't it? (*VAVIN shrugs. VAVIN to window.*) Yesterday I walked clear through Central Park.

VAVIN. Could you do it now?

JUDGE. I wouldn't be foolish enough to try it now.

(*Re-enter GRAHAM with whiskey—comes down L. of JUDGE.*)

GRAHAM. That enough?

JUDGE. Yes.

VAVIN. One moment.

MRS. WINTHROP. What?

VAVIN. That would be bad. (*Takes whiskey.*)

JUDGE. Bad?

VAVIN. There is nothing the matter with you.  
(*Puts whiskey on table.*)

JUDGE. I'm weak—as a cat.

VAVIN. For a minute—because I said so.



MRS. WINTHROP. But why?

VAVIN. A suggestion.

GRAHAM. Suggestion—for what?

VAVIN. (*Positively*) That we shall see its power.

JUDGE. You mean you've been trying that old Russian experiment of telling a well man he is ill?

VAVIN. Yes.

JUDGE. Or are you reversing it now? (*Rise—goes up a step.*)

VAVIN. There was nothing. You looked the same as you have looked for three weeks—but—I say you are ill and you feel it. I ask you—to look at his face and you are anxious.

MRS. WINTHROP. Naturally.

VAVIN. Well, then—— (*Crosses to MRS. WINTHROP.*) This young girl—not for five minutes—not for one afternoon, but fourteen—fifteen years—they suggest—*suggest—suggest—to* her, and what suggestion? That she is like a mother also who ran away. *Mon Dieu——* (*To JUDGE.*) When a strong man is sick that I tell him twice—what of a baby girl—impressionable? Full of faith? Believes you? Also you show her the mother's picture. It is the same—and if she looks like the mother—she is then—to *behave* like the mother. Oh, the crimes that good, ignorant people—(*Goes up R.*)—make with—their suggestions.

MRS. WINTHROP. But—what brings this up?

VAVIN. The Judge hoped I shall persuade the girl to go back to that atmosphere—not if she turns a hand organ in the street.

JUDGE. It was only her aunt that said those things, and occasionally.

VAVIN. (*Goes to table*) Occasionally? Hear me. I visited once to write a story of a prison correctionnelle, Department of the Seine. There is a fine young man—eye wide open—blue—like a China



doll. Well, I ask this young man "What is your crime?" "Forgery from the bank." "Your family?" "Very good." "In prison any of them?" "One—an uncle." "What of him?" "I never saw him." "Ah?" "Ah, Monsieur, if I had only obeyed my mother—she warned me always 'You are just like your uncle Emile—be careful, be careful, my son—Emile went to prison.'" "Yes? For what crime? This Uncle?" "Forgery from a bank." (*Turns to DORA.*)

JUDGE. I see.

VAVIN. All over this wide world good mothers say "Be careful of drink, my boy. Drink ruined your father." And then, not alcohol, but the idea gnaws and corrodes. At first he can keep it from him—by one little finger—but it is always there—in the edge of 'es mind—always—because it is 'es fear, 'es thought—after while not the finger but the left hand must resist it—then the right hand—then two hands to keep its distance—then one day the boy is weary in body—or mind—or spirit and that shadow takes 'em. He struggles no longer—(*Goes to DORA L.*)—not heredity—not an appetite, but a negative suggestion makes 'em too—a drunkard.

GRAHAM. But Miss Fullerton isn't going back to that atmosphere.

MRS. WINTHROP. No—she is to be with me.

VAVIN. (*Turns on MRS. WINTHROP*) Fine if she decides.

JUDGE. She has decided.

VAVIN. If she decides when she knows all.

DORA. (*Rises*) All what, Monsieur?

VAVIN. *This*—you have seen—that a strong man is ill in a minute—and only one man—myself—so tells him—one afternoon. What doubt must come in a girl's mind when—a whole company tells her



every day—you will feel so—or so—when before she is twenty she reads such books. That is not a bad heart, my dear—not something from the mother—(VAVIN touches DORA's hair.)—just a great law.

DORA. You think I should play?

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh, no.

JUDGE. That question is settled.

DORA. Tell me.

VAVIN. I—can't.

DORA. *You* can't?

VAVIN. (*Shakes head*) Also these friends—cannot—— (*Up to desk—sees mirror.*)

DORA. Then who? (*Crosses c.*)

VAVIN. A truer judge than these—— (*Takes mirror, comes down to her.*) Your face, *ma chérie*—like the mother's. That clear eye without mud in it—without the jaundice of my cigarette. (*Turns to MRS. WINTHROP.*) You know the pictures of Napoleon—the courage of that nose and firm jaw. (*To DORA.*) For a woman you have as good as that great emperor—(*Takes DORA's R. hand.*)—and that mouth, my friends—when God puts two lips restfully together—without sneer or pride or malice or wrinkled fear—the soul he makes serene. Now we none of us advise her. To-night a young man is to have a first presentation of his play—it is a part of 'es life. The Director of a theatre. His venture many thousand dollars—a company who live by that art—twelve—fifteen—men and women, after years of study and four weeks of repetition—for to-night.

MRS. WINTHROP. What is all of that against a young girl's entire future?

VAVIN. Nothing—but here is a beautiful moment for you—for me. Self interest—resentment—the bribes of our weak human nature on one side—on the other side a principle—and something that builds



character—also the chance to meet temptations and grow strong to step above them—and we—we are to see a decision from a girl who now—*finds herself.* (*Takes DORA's hand—puts her front table.*)

DORA. (*Pause*) I'll play. (*VAVIN goes up satisfied.*)

JUDGE. Rank sophistry, Monsieur Vavin.

MRS. WINTHROP. Of course.

JUDGE. Artifice. You say let her decide and then you preach at her. (*Goes up c.*) And you don't give us a chance.

GRAHAM. While we stand gagged.

MRS. WINTHROP. Tongue-tied.

VAVIN. One moment—she is now informed—awake. I leave you—say your own arguments without me.

DORA. (*Puts hands out to VAVIN*) There's a rehearsal at the theatre now—I'll go to it. (*Starts to exit with VAVIN.*)

(CURTAIN)



### ACT III

SCENE: *Handsomely furnished hotel room. Wall pale gray color. At back large double window of modern construction. A jog at R.U. indicates private hall going R. On R. flat below jog, fireplace with fire lighted and trimmed. Door L.U. to second room of apartment. Table centre; table L.U. Three good chairs; modern electrolier hanging centre with four lights on it. Side lights over the mantel—all in white. Mushroom lamp on table to light red at cue; shaded lamp on table U.L. to light yellow at cue. Double curtains arranged for the window and over the door L. which may be drawn to give effect of Red or Yellow, as is wished. Big double window back by Court of hotel of considerable elevation. Spot light for moonlight to show through window at cue. Stage carpet to match wall.*

TIME: *Four days later than Act II.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise of curtain, HENRI is standing at window in moonlight. Curtains are drawn back; window is open; sound of music from hotel restaurant.*



HENRI. These American hotels! Mon Dieu! I have never been so high except the Tour Eiffel; and these American women, why don't they pull down their curtains? (*Looks out R. and L.*)

(*Enter VAVIN R.3. He has crush hat and wears Inverness coat over French dress suit.*)

VAVIN. Henri!

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur.

VAVIN. The gentleman has answered? (HENRI takes various wraps.)

HENRI. There are letters. (*Phone rings.*)

VAVIN. Answer. (VAVIN picks up letters on table C. HENRI goes to phone L.2.)

HENRI. Hello—— (*Pause.*) I will see, Monsieur, who shall I say is to see him—— (*Pause.*) Mr. Holcomb.

VAVIN. Ask him to come up—also Miss Fullerton is to come up without phoning.

HENRI. (*At phone*) Have the kindness to tell the gentleman he is to come up—and please—Monsieur Vavin expects Miss Fullerton—please ask her to come up without phoning—a—— (*To VAVIN.*) Monsieur Holcomb is in the elevator—(*To phone.*)—thank you. (*Puts phone up. Comes to VAVIN C.*) Monsieur was to the theatre?

VAVIN. Yes—— (*Pause.*) She is very like her mother, Henri——

HENRI. Monsieur spoke with her?

VAVIN. (*Nods*) There is some supper?

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur.

VAVIN. For three?

HENRI. For three, Monsieur. (*Door buzzer.*) HENRI goes to door R.3.)

HOLCOMB. (*Outside*) Monsieur Vavin.

HENRI. Come in, please.



VAVIN. Come in, Mister Holcomb. (*Enter HOLCOMB.*) I hope my request was not too much like a command.

HOLCOMB. Any request of yours will have that force, Monsieur.

(HENRI *appears* R.)

VAVIN. Thank you. (HENRI *waits for HOLCOMB's coat and hat.*) I have seen your play.

(*Exit HENRI with coat and hat.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Crosses to fireplace R.*) I hope you liked the performance.

VAVIN. I regret I did not.

HOLCOMB. Then you're not lonesome. (*Sits.*)

VAVIN. Your play is not a bad play, but it is not well done.

HOLCOMB. I don't care to shift the blame for its failure upon the actors.

VAVIN. I did not say actors, Monsieur.

HOLCOMB. Excuse me.

VAVIN. And I did not say failure.

HOLCOMB. No?

VAVIN. It will succeed.

HOLCOMB. I wish you could convince the management.

VAVIN. We will.

HOLCOMB. We will?

VAVIN. You and I.

HOLCOMB. You mean—rewrite it?

VAVIN. I mean rehearse it—it is damnably prepared, that play of yours. Who was your director?

HOLCOMB. I put it on myself.

VAVIN. Ah! (*Pause.*) Have you seen any plays



in Paris? (HOLCOMB *shakes head.*) Why do you think our French plays succeed?

HOLCOMB. They don't often—in America.

VAVIN. I will tell you why that is—(*Pause.*)—later. Why do you think they succeed in France?

HOLCOMB. Your public understands them? (VAVIN *shakes his head.*) Well written? (VAVIN *shakes his head.*) Well played?

VAVIN. They are well rehearsed—your play shall be well rehearsed.

HOLCOMB. I fear my play is beyond the aid of even the first dramatist of France.

VAVIN. It is your first play, I believe, Mr. Holcomb?

HOLCOMB. My first, Monsieur.

VAVIN. It is also the first venture of Miss Fullerton?

HOLCOMB. Yes, sir.

VAVIN. My wish to see your play succeed is because of my interest in that lady.

HOLCOMB. I know that.

VAVIN. You can be honest with me, Mr. Holcomb.

HOLCOMB. Well?

VAVIN. You—love the girl?

HOLCOMB. (*Pause*) I do. (*Rise.*)

VAVIN. Then tell her so.

HOLCOMB. I have.

VAVIN. Again and again. The spirit is wounded—now, your profession.

HOLCOMB. I'm trying to write plays.

VAVIN. I know—but why? Money?

HOLCOMB. Not entirely. I've made a *living* since I was ten.

VAVIN. Besides money—why?

HOLCOMB. (*Pause*) I *see* things that way—some fellows see pictures—they paint. Some see build-



ings—they plan. I see men and women and—my men and women collide. (*Crosses to c. front of table.*)—and persuade—and fight.

VAVIN. (*Nods*) You see them here? (*Touches his own forehead.*)

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. And you would have actors *do* what you see here?

HOLCOMB. (*Sits L. of table.*) Yes.

VAVIN. And the public? What of them?

HOLCOMB. Want *them* of course.

VAVIN. The public see your actors—your drama?

HOLCOMB. (*Prompting*) Yes.

VAVIN. Perhaps the public are imperilled—are moved—to *think*—to say—to do—the same things as your actors?

HOLCOMB. Quite likely.

VAVIN. You *think* of that?

HOLCOMB. It occurs to me sometimes.

VAVIN. It *must* occur—*always*. A man in a crowd takes panic quicker than the same man alone can get frightened. With the crowd he laughs more readily, because men take suggestions quicker in crowds—the riot—the revival—the meeting political. (*HOLCOMB nods.*) And there is no man whose suggestion is so subtle—so sure—so strong—as the suggestion the playwright makes from the stage to the people. (*Goes to fire R.*) I have white hair—yours is dark. Believe me, I would give the rest of my life to go back and take from my plays every word that has made *any* man—less honest—less hopeful—less kind.

HOLCOMB. Do you think my play has anything hurtful in it?

VAVIN. No. And pardon me—I have taken the liberty to look at you yourself. I have asked some questions about *you*.



HOLCOMB. About me? (VAVIN *nods*.) Why?

VAVIN. Again my interest in Dora.

HOLCOMB. Well?

VAVIN. *They* tell me—there is a good match for her with Mrs. Winthrop's son.

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. (*Folds arms behind chair L. of table*)  
What will you do about that?

HOLCOMB. If Dora doesn't like me enough to overcome the—the advantages he has—why—she won't like me *enough*—that's all.

VAVIN. I—I am for you. (*Gives hand*.)

HOLCOMB. Thank you.

VAVIN. Remind me to-night—it is moonlight.

HOLCOMB. Moonlight?

VAVIN. (*Nods*) I have asked Dora here as soon as she could dress from the theatre. That is not disagreeable to you?

HOLCOMB. I fear it will not be agreeable to her. These past four nights at the theatre Dora has avoided me.

*The BUZZER rings*

VAVIN. Because she doubts herself and because of that I bring you together, here to-night. That will depart—I'm going to ask you to rehearse together a scene from your play.

HENRI. (*Entering*) Come in, please.

(*Enter DORA, CORNELIA and GRAHAM.*)

VAVIN. Ah, my dear, I am so glad to see you; I have here a friend of yours.

DORA. A friend? (*Turns.*) Oh. (*Goes down L.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Bowing*) Miss Fullerton.

VAVIN. I asked Mr. Holcomb to call. (*To COR-*



NELIA and GRAHAM.) Good-evening, Madam.

CORNELIA. Good-evening.

GRAHAM. The Clerk said we were to come up.  
(R.C.)

VAVIN. Yes—I feared my interview would be too long to ask Miss Dora’s friends to wait for her, and I could better explain that.

GRAHAM. I see.

VAVIN. If you will leave her—here in my care half an hour—I will see she comes safely home.

CORNELIA. Well—I don’t *know*. Couldn’t you come with us and Dora to Mrs. Winthrop’s?

VAVIN. I have the time—but—well—— (To DORA.) May you not stay—— (To CORNELIA.) Please.

CORNELIA. Well—— (*Perplexed*.) It’s a little too much for me. (To GRAHAM.) If she needs a chaperone in the theatre—I’d think a man’s rooms in a hotel——

VAVIN. (*Expostulates*) My dear lady!—with Henri?—Henri was—was with me before this young lady was ever born; and here also is *Mr. Holcomb*—and my white hairs. *Mon Dieu*—I will not permit you to compliment me that way.

CORNELIA. Compliment you?

VAVIN. You mean it *unkindly*?

CORNELIA. It’s just what’s people will say. Mrs. Winthrop and Judge Elliott both agreed that Dora and Graham oughtn’t to be going to supper without a chaperone.

VAVIN. I hope it was a pleasant supper.

GRAHAM. We didn’t go.

VAVIN. Oh.

GRAHAM. Well? (To CORNELIA.)

CORNELIA. (To DORA) Well?

VAVIN. Please.



DORA. Monsieur says he'll bring me in half an hour.

CORNELIA. You're going to stay?

DORA. Yes.

GRAHAM. (*To CORNELIA*) Half an hour—let us have a bite downstairs.

CORNELIA. Well, if people would say things with you and *Dora* alone; I'm going to be as careful about my *own* conduct.

GRAHAM. (*Pause*) Home?

CORNELIA. Home—I wash my hands of the whole business. (*Crosses up to R.3.*)

GRAHAM. (*To VAVIN*) Good-night!

VAVIN. Good-night. (*CORNELIA goes up to door R.U. Calls.*) Henri! (*HENRI crosses R. To CORNELIA.*) I thank you for this expression of confidence. (*Indicates DORA.*)

CORNELIA. It isn't confidence—and you needn't thank me.

GRAHAM. (*To DORA.*) Mother'll sit up for you and we'll have a supper at home.

DORA. Thank you.

GRAHAM. (*To HOLCOMB*) Good-night.

(*Exeunt CORNELIA and GRAHAM.*)

VAVIN. (*HENRI re-appears R.*) We will eat here.

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur. (*Exit L.*)

VAVIN. (*Taking DORA's wraps*) Not a supper, my dear, only a bite.

DORA. I'm not hungry.

VAVIN. (*Putting wraps on chair*) And while we drink a glass of wine—you and I and this author of yours—we will talk about the play. Have this chair—my dear. (*Places chair for her L. of table.*)



(HOLCOMB takes from mantel package which he had laid down upon entering.)

VAVIN. (*At center*) Why do you think, my children, a play is put on the stage?

DORA. To be heard, of course.

VAVIN. To be seen—it is more for the eye, believe me. (*Turns to HOLCOMB.*) Well, Monsieur, in America it seems to me you forget that.

(*Enter HENRI with tray on which are some club sandwiches and chafing dish with oyster crabs Newburg. HENRI puts tray on table.*)

VAVIN. Du Vin.

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur. (*Exit L.*)

VAVIN. (*Lifting cover from chafing dish*) Baby crabs Newburg—I hope you like them.

DORA. Very much.

VAVIN. Monsieur?

HOLCOMB. This is my first play, Monsieur, and not very successful.

VAVIN. Do not fear, you will soon be in the Newburg class. (*Enter HENRI with bottle. HENRI opens wine. HENRI puts bottle down.*) I will pour it. (*Indicates chafing dish.*) Serve Mademoiselle. (*Handing mms. to HOLCOMB.*) Find me, please, that scene in the second act between Mademoiselle and the husband and the friend of the family. Let me give you a glass of wine. (*HENRI serves DORA, then HOLCOMB. VAVIN puts DORA's chair at end of table—she sits.*)

HOLCOMB. No, thank you.

VAVIN. (*In surprise*) What—Vintage '98?

HOLCOMB. If you insist. (*VAVIN hands HOLCOMB wine.*) This is the scene.



(HENRI puts plate of Newburg to R. of table. VAVIN crosses R. with glass of wine.)

VAVIN. I will talk. (*Dismisses HENRI who goes out.*) Well, Mademoiselle—Monsieur—our success.

HOLCOMB. Thank you.

(HOLCOMB and VAVIN drink.)

VAVIN. (*To DORA*) You don't like that, my dear?

DORA. Papa has never given me wine.

VAVIN. (*Impressively*) Then let us never begin. (*To HOLCOMB.*) You think, Monsieur, that was simply pressed from the grape and that is all.

HOLCOMB. I hope from the grape.

VAVIN. But no other preparation?

HOLCOMB. I understand the process is long.

VAVIN. Yes—long. And a play—— (*Picks up manuscripts.*)—you squeeze that from an ink bottle, and voila—— (*Laughs.*) Ah—no. Now this scene, you played it in a white light.

HOLCOMB. Yes—daytime.

VAVIN. Yet all the sentiment is night time. (*Look from HOLCOMB to DORA.*) Do you know the effect of color on the emotions?

(DORA shakes her head "no.")

HOLCOMB. Color?

VAVIN. You have heard of Charcot—Doctor Charcot?

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. He was my friend. We made together many experiments of the effect of color upon many persons under hypnotic influence. (*Nods.*) Invariably—Invariably under yellow the subject laughs;



under green he is content; under red he is content also, but slightly stimulated; if it is brown he is in fear; if violet he weeps; under blue there is a—what do you call it manner—distract?

DORA. Perplexed?

VAVIN. Perplexed. Some more of these? (*Indicates dish.*)

DORA. No more, thank you.

(VAVIN defers to HOLCOMB, who shakes his head.)

VAVIN. Don't you see the color for that scene should be red.

HOLCOMB. You think that important, Monsieur? Do you think an individual so sensitive to color?

VAVIN. From your awful elevated road I look into the apartment windows. Inside the walls brown or a dark blue—depressing. I wonder the poor people live, for myself when I work—construct something here in a strange hotel, I have the room fitted so that I can get the color I need. (*Calls HENRI.*) Let me show you. (*Enter HENRI. To HENRI.*) The red—— (*HENRI pulls red curtains.*) Those curtains. You see what that does? Now suppose in addition to them, I give you this red light. (*Turns red light on.*) You see? Still warmer, now if I turn out the white light—— (*Turns out chandelier.*) We are at once domestic—cosy corner—yes? The armchair—the old man with the pipe; in your play—there is no old man with the pipe so we place the lady so—— (*Brings DORA over to chair at fireplace. Hold out hand to DORA—passes her into chair.*) Isn't this the happy home? Isn't she the young wife, and can't you almost believe I am the father—— (*To DORA.*) Don't you feel that, my dear?

DORA. Certainly.



HOLCOMB. But we have a red light in the play now.

VAVIN. But in the wrong place—a scene of gayety—it should have been yellow—find it in your manuscript—the first act. (*Calls.*) Henri! (*HENRI enters. To HENRI.*) The yellow—— (*HENRI pulls yellow curtains.*) You see what that does now? (*Turns on yellow lamp. To DORA.*) You remember your part, of course, my dear? (*To HOLCOMB.*) You rehearsed it, you can speak the lines of your leading man. (*To DORA.*) Your cloak, my dear—it is lined with yellow—take that! (*Gets it for her. HENRI turns on yellow lamp desk R.*)

HOLCOMB. Is this the scene you mean?

VAVIN. Where the man follows the woman into her own apartment *before* he is such good friends with her husband.

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. Give me the book, please. (*Takes table up with HOLCOMB R.C. As he takes the book, goes down L. out of picture, HOLCOMB looks at him.*) Oh, no, you shall play the scene—I look on. Begin, please, where the lady had ordered him from the house and he is at door hesitating to go. (*HENRI crosses to R. upper.*) He tries to explain—yes—here it is—begin—“We folks from the Pacific——”

(*Begin comedy scene—VAVIN sits down L. as HOLCOMB and DORA play.*)

HOLCOMB. We folks from the Pacific *are* impulsive, I am told; and besides when fate will place a woman constantly in one's way, and the woman is so like a dead sweetheart—why—well, some men would understand me—— (*Pause.*) But I am intruding—good-night. (*Starts out L.*)

DORA. Mr. Fletcher.



HOLCOMB. (*Pausing*) Mrs. Milton.

DORA. You said your home was in Santa Barbara, I believe.

HOLCOMB. Santa Barbara. (*One step in return.*)

DORA. Are you acquainted in San Francisco?

HOLCOMB. Fairly.

DORA. Do you know Mr. Will Emmett?

HOLCOMB. Intimately.

DORA. You do?

HOLCOMB. (*Another step down*) Yes—and Mr. Hart and Gardner and Frank Harris.

DORA. (*Pleased*) You know Harry Gardner?

HOLCOMB. (*Another step down*) Oh, yes—we were in Harvard together—Harry and I.

DORA. Why, how singular. (*Pause.*) Won't you be seated?

HOLCOMB. Thank you. (*Pantomimes "after you."*)

DORA sits—HOLCOMB sits chair L.C.)

DORA. I used to visit San Francisco often.

HOLCOMB. Charming place at the right season.

DORA. Well?

VAVIN. (*Rises, directing*) Now, my dear, right here laugh audibly. (*DORA laughs.*) Yes—show your teeth; and you, Monsieur, you smile—ah, I see you have teeth, too. Now again. (*Sits L.*)

DORA. I think I interrupted you in some explanation a moment ago.

HOLCOMB. Well, yes—I—— (*Looks toward door L.*)

VAVIN. (*Directing*) Yes—but my man looks sideways—you see. (*Shows him—rises.*) "Interrupt him?" Why, the woman ordered you from the house. Now go on, my dear—— (*With emphasis.*) "I interrupted you."

DORA. I think I interrupted you in some explanation a moment ago.

VAVIN. (*Directing*) Now—with deep breath.



HOLCOMB. (*Inhaling*) Well, yes—I was quite in earnest in saying I'd admired you, but you frowned so terribly——

DORA. Well—— (*Extends hands in "what can a woman do" gesture.*)

HOLCOMB. I know, but——

VAVIN. (*Directing*) Now, that is embarrassment come to her relief quickly, Monsieur.

HOLCOMB. I know, but——

VAVIN. More emphatic and more sympathetic—"I know, but——" (*Acts.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Repeating after VAVIN'S manner*) I know, but it was a fact that I simply determined to have at least one interview.

VAVIN. Now—*both smile—again* the teeth, my dear children. (*Sits.*)

DORA. And now?

HOLCOMB. Well, now.

VAVIN. Now, your chair a little closer. (*HOLCOMB draws chair a little closer.*)

HOLCOMB. (*Obeying*) Now I think we might get a little better acquainted—that is all.

DORA. You had no definite plans beyond this visit?

HOLCOMB. Oh, yes—and no—not exactly plans, say rather—dreams.

VAVIN. (*Rises*) Now, my boy, on the word "*dreams*" drop your voice and make it warm—like lavender pigeon.

HOLCOMB. (*With manner*) Not exactly plans, say rather—dreams—— (*VAVIN nods to HOLCOMB "Good". VAVIN sits.*) You seem often alone.

DORA. Yes, I have been alone the two or three times when you have seen me.

HOLCOMB. (*Looks to front*) And that simply opened up a train of thought. I said, now there is



a pretty woman, the picture of—(*Turns to DORA*)—the lady I mentioned.

VAVIN. Nod, my dear, because he has told you you are like a dead sweetheart.

HOLCOMMB. I said, I'll bet she's a good fellow. (*DORA laughs and shrinks.*) A Western expression, pardon me. (*VAVIN Bus. of approval of DORA's acting.*)

DORA. Oh, go on!

HOLCOMB. I figured that *Mr. Milton* was probably pretty busy at the bank, or whatever it is—is it bank?

VAVIN. Of course we know it is not bank—(*Rises.*) So when you are saying "*whatever it is*" you look out to the audience, and on the word *bank*, you smile, my dear; then you turn to her quickly and—(*Pause.*) The question. You see that gives the laugh. Now, go on.

HOLCOMB. I figured it out that *Mr. Milton* was probably pretty busy at the bank, or whatever it is—is it bank? (*Gesture from VAVIN—DORA smiles.*)

DORA. (*Leans back—flirts with HOLCOMB*) Go on.

HOLCOMB. I said, here I am with plenty of leisure, time to sell—(*Looks at DORA*)—and just as lonely as a seagull.

VAVIN. (*Rises*) Look out as you dream—look out to the theatre.

HOLCOMB. (*Obeying*) Why—if I can only get an introduction or scrape an acquaintance in some way——

DORA. Scrape an acquaintance—why, Mr. Fletcher.

HOLCOMB. Just to myself, you know. (*Looks at DORA.*) I said meet her anyway and after that I will convince her that I am all right—as men go, you know.



DORA. (*Leans back in chair*) Yes, I think I know. (*Smiles.*)

VAVIN. The teeth! The teeth!

HOLCOMB. Then I will meet the husband, or maybe meet him first. (*VAVIN gesticulates and shows teeth. HOLCOMB smiles.*) Lose a few games of billiards to him, and there you are.

VAVIN. Now, your hands out—look at the lady and smile—you smile, my dear. Now keep that you—you *laugh* a little—he laughs a little, you laugh *more*—you laugh *together*—it is a *panic*—you show your teeth—then that is the scene. (*VAVIN walking about enthusiastically.*) *Mon Dieu!* Don't you see that is life—something happens, everything goes right; but now you are playing that in a red light; it was a funeral, believe me. How can any play succeed with all that?

(*All rise. HOLCOMB puts chair over R.*)

HOLCOMB. Of course—that's better.

DORA. It is another story, altogether. (*DORA turns away, goes to piano, looks at music.*)

VAVIN. Now you had a love scene—not a cooing physical love that you could play in the red light, but a love scene of adoration—(*Moves chair up c.*)—where the woman is on a pedestal—that should have been moonlight.

HOLCOMB. Don't you think, Monsieur, so much attention to the light is a bit theatrical?

VAVIN. Theatrical?

HOLCOMB. Not true to life.

VAVIN. Life? Do you know, Monsieur, that sixty percent of the causes of falling in love—(*HOLCOMB looks at DORA. DORA turns away to piano.*)—are the moonlight in life?

HOLCOMB. No, I didn't.



VAVIN. Do you know the harvest moon?

HOLCOMB. You mean the full moon that comes at harvest time?

VAVIN. (*Nodding*) Do you know its peculiarity?

HOLCOMB. No.

DORA. Is it peculiar?

VAVIN. Generally the full moon rises nearly an hour later each night. The harvest moon, at the full, comes up three nights almost at the same time. Did you think of that, and why do you suppose?

HOLCOMB. Why?

VAVIN. That harvesters, men and women, shall fall in love with each other. (*DORA self-conscious and looks down.*) Oh, it is a droll God, Monsieur, that plays that trick for one hour on his children—and what time? The best season of the year. And also again—what time? When the grapes are ripe, when there is a wine press—we are forgetting this bottle. (*Gets wine bottle and glass—gives* HOLCOMB. *DORA watches VAVIN.*) A harvest moon for one hour and the wonderful madness that goes with this. (*Pours wine.*) Is that of the theatre? No, it is a droll God. (*Drinks.*) Now—I cannot show you—I have not the arrangement in my room to get the blue light, which is mystery; and the green light, which is content, and which together make a moonlight. When two people come together mystified and happy, and say: Ah, this is fate, we are for each other since the beginning.

HOLCOMB. It was moonlight when we came in.

VAVIN. Yes?

HOLCOMB. Yes—this *is* the harvest moon.

VAVIN. Ah, then I can show you. I cannot read because there will not be light enough. (*Turns out yellow light.*) But your own lines, Monsieur—that pretty little scene of yours—— (*Opens curtains at window.*)—which goes for nothing—come here, you



both. (*Both go up c. Turns out another light. The only light on stage now is moonlight coming through window.*) I am your audience—with the glass of wine we are there.

HOLCOMB. (*Playing the part*) You are not happy?

DORA. I am honest.

HOLCOMB. I should be patient, Clara, if the situation brought contentment to anyone. I have been away a year.

DORA. It should have been forever.

HOLCOMB. Can't you see, Clara, that a stronger hand than ours directs it?

DORA. To what end—to what good?

HOLCOMB. Let us obey and see. It is fate. (*Takes her in both his arms.*) (*VAVIN quietly sneaks out L.*) I had felt that my life was done, but with love—for I love you——

DORA. Don't, Tom——

HOLCOMB. I know you love me and it has given me faith again and ambition, ideas and endurance. (*Looks at VAVIN's place.*) Mr. Vavin's gone. Why, Dora, you mustn't think I care because this piece hasn't gone——

DORA. That wasn't in Ludlow's lines. (*Tries to get away from HOLCOMB. Looks for VAVIN.*)

HOLCOMB. No—they are mine. If you don't lose faith in me I *will* write something that you'll be proud to play—a part that'll be worthy of you. Say that you love me. (*Embraces her again.*)

DORA. (*Hand on his cheek*) I've been so sorry for you all week—the way the papers treated you.

HOLCOMB. I'll let 'em *repeat* it—if it makes you care for me. He's coming back. Say "I love you"—it's in the part, anyway. (*Kisses her.*)

DORA. I do—I do.



*(Enter VAVIN.)*

VAVIN. Excuse me—there was a call on the other telephone. But you see—don't you—that the moonlight is better?

HOLCOMB and DORA. *(Together)* Much better—very much better.

VAVIN. All that we can do in one day. *(Crosses, turns up white light.)* We can call a rehearsal for tomorrow afternoon.

HOLCOMB. Yes.

VAVIN. I may help you?

DORA. You must help us. *(Goes to HOLCOMB.)*

VAVIN. Good. Then, Monsieur, *you* can help *me*. It had been my intention to go home with Mademoiselle as her escort. I find, however, that—there is a gentleman who comes to me immediately on much financial business. May I impose?

HOLCOMB. *(Looks at DORA)* To see the lady home?

VAVIN. Yes.

HOLCOMB. Delighted, Monsieur.

VAVIN. And you, my dear—excuse me?

DORA. Certainly. *(Helping her on with her coat, HOLCOMB crosses to door R.U., speaks off.)*

HOLCOMB. You have my coat?

*(HENRI enters with coat.)*

VAVIN. *(L. with DORA)* You know I like this fellow.

DORA. *(Apart)* Oh—a wonderful man, Monsieur.

VAVIN. I can see it—I can see it. Oh yes, a wonderful man. *(Turns to HOLCOMB who has had his coat put on.)* Then to-morrow, Monsieur?

HOLCOMB. At two.



VAVIN. (*Reversing DORA's cloak*) This time we put the gaiety inside.

DORA. Good-night.

VAVIN. I can see—'es a wonderful man—but *mes enfants*—— (*To HOLCOMB.*) Before you go—a glass of wine

HOLCOMB. No, thank you.

(*Exeunt DORA and HOLCOMB.*)

VAVIN. Oh—I am alone? (*Pours his glass of wine. Speaking to HENRI.*) She is very like her mother, Henri.

HENRI. Very like her mother, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Turns out white light—goes to window*) Also 'es a very wonderful man.

HENRI. Oui, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Pause, looking up in the moonlight*) It is a droll God, Henri.

HENRI. A droll God, Monsieur.

VAVIN. (*Up c.*) A droll God—with 'es vintage—and the autumn—and 'es children—and 'es harvest moon.

(CURTAIN)



## ACT IV

TIME: *Summer. Two days later than Act III.*

SCENE: *Same as Act I with addition of fire in fireplace.*

DISCOVERED: CORNELIA and MRS. WINTHROP. MRS. WINTHROP is comforting CORNELIA, who has smelling bottle. A tea service is on table. JUDGE and GRAHAM at fireplace.

MRS. WINTHROP. Come now—Cornelia—compose yourself. If the danger of publicity and the anxiety disturb you, think how your brother must feel.

CORNELIA. (*On sofa*) It is only of him I'm thinking.

JUDGE. And he may walk in at any moment.

CORNELIA. If she were to be simply dead when they find her——

MRS. WINTHROP. Cornelia!

CORNELIA. I mean it—In some pond or river—I could bear it—so could brother—but I know there'll be some horrid scandal too—she was born to disgrace us.

JUDGE. It's probably only over strain and study and the poor girl has wandered off in some aberration.

CORNELIA. Not she—the kind of aberration she has are her mother's kind. Vanity and vicious per-



verseness. (*Rises, goes L.*) Poor Marshall—poor brother Marshall.

MRS. WINTHROP. Listen.

JUDGE. Wagon!

GRAHAM. I'll go over to the Inn for a little while.  
(*Exit back.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. Now be brave—this shadow is on the home. Let him know he has a sister and friends.

CORNELIA. (*Seated L.*) Called from his classes at Harvard—all the students will soon be discussing it. Oh! (*CORNELIA rises, walks up and down L.*)

JUDGE. (*Warning*) Cornelia!

(*Enter FULLERTON in traveling suit.*)

FULLERTON. Judge—Mrs. Winthrop—this is very kind. How is Dora now?

MRS. WINTHROP. Dora?

FULLERTON. Yes.

JUDGE. (*Down R.*) We haven't seen her.

FULLERTON. What!

JUDGE. I telegraphed you she was missing.

FULLERTON. Missing?—she was here last night.

MRS. WINTHROP. Here?

FULLERTON. Certainly—she wired me from New York to meet her here. I was away—to-day a second message with the same request came from *here*. You don't know where she is?

JUDGE. We don't—

FULLERTON. What did she tell you?

CORNELIA. Nothing.

FULLERTON. What has happened?

MRS. WINTHROP. Yesterday morning we thought Dora sleeping unusually late—finally called her—she was gone. The bed was undisturbed—we made inquiries. The man who runs the elevator said the



young lady went out of the apartment at daylight—and left this. (*Takes note from breast.*)

FULLERTON. (*Reading*) “Dear—dear Mrs. Winthrop—a million thanks for all your kindness. Forgive me. Goodbye.” (*Speaks.*) Forgive her? Why? (*Hands note to MRS. WINTHROP.* MRS. WINTHROP *shrugs.* To CORNELIA—*crosses* L.C.) Nothing to you?

CORNELIA. (*In burst of tears*) Nothing.

FULLERTON. Why did you wait until to-day before wiring me?

CORNELIA. I wanted to wire yesterday.

MRS. WINTHROP. We were sure Dora would report at the theatre in the evening.

FULLERTON. And you did nothing?

JUDGE. Everything—informed the police—privately. Saw Vavin—saw the people at the theatre—the members of the company.

MRS. WINTHROP. Such friends of mine as Dora had met—during our stay in New York.

FULLERTON. No trace of her?

JUDGE. None.

(*Enter DORA at R.*)

FULLERTON. Dora.

DORA. (*Anxiously*) Papa—Papa—— (*Crosses to him.*)

FULLERTON. My darling. (*Taking her.*)

DORA. You are my father?

FULLERTON. Why, Dora?

DORA. (*Wavering in gaze between CORNELIA and FULLERTON*) Are you?

CORNELIA. (*Rising*) I had to tell her.

FULLERTON. Cornelia!

DORA. Is it true?



FULLERTON. I love you, my dear—no girl was ever closer to a father's heart.

DORA. Did Cornelia tell the truth?

FULLERTON. Not as I should tell it. Dora—if it has hurt you this way——

DORA. I'm not your daughter?

MRS. WINTHROP. (*To CORNELIA*) We'll wait in the parlor. (*Exit quietly.*)

JUDGE. Just here—— (*Follows MRS. WINTHROP.*)

FULLERTON. You're the daughter of the woman I loved, my dear, and so like her that I doubly love you—that makes you my daughter.

DORA. (*Sits—shrinking*) Like her—it's awful that children have to do the suffering.

FULLERTON. The cruelty of it. (*To CORNELIA.*) What did you tell her?

CORNELIA. You know very well what I told her.

FULLERTON. Cornelia!

CORNELIA. When she determined to drag our name in the gutter with this actor—yes! and don't look at me that way—— (*Crosses to R.*) I've stood the oppression of it for eighteen years—there's a limit to human endurance. (*Exit hysterically R.*)

FULLERTON. (*Sits on sofa*) What actor? What is it, dearie?

DORA. Cornelia came in my room that night—— (*Perplexed.*) Thursday! We'd just come home from Monsieur Vavin's and I told her I'd promised to marry him.

FULLERTON. Marry whom?

DORA. Mr. Holcomb—I didn't tell Mrs. Winthrop because Graham was there—but I was happy about it all—and was singing—not very loudly—but it waked Cornelia. She came in to scold me—I thought she'd understand if I explained the reason



I was happy and then—she told me this awful thing.  
(*Rises. Crushed. Crosses to L.*)

FULLERTON. (*Follows L.*) My poor Dora.

DORA. I thought if I started early I could see you here and maybe get back to the theatre last night.

FULLERTON. I was in Albany to speak at a dinner.

DORA. When you didn't come I couldn't go back.

FULLERTON. Where were you?

DORA. With Mrs. Blair.

FULLERTON. Mrs. Blair?

DORA. Our old laundress—she didn't bother me with questions. This evening I saw the light here and I knew you had come. (*Looks about.*) But everything has changed. (*Crosses to c.*)

FULLERTON. (*Stops DORA, c.*) Nothing has changed.

DORA. (*Shaking head*) I've got to go somewhere.

FULLERTON. I couldn't let you go anywhere from me.

DORA. Yes! I told Mrs. Blair that I might be back with her.

FULLERTON. Why, this is your home. You can't go to a servant's.

DORA. Better than I am—she tried to cheer me with stories of her girlhood and her father. (*Weeps.*)

FULLERTON. We are each of us, dearie, just what we make ourselves. People don't love you on my account—some of them don't like me at all. It may even prove a relief to Mr. Holcomb to learn that I'm only an old fellow who loves you and that he doesn't have to mind what I say.

DORA. I won't see him any more.

FULLERTON. You will if he loves you and if you really love him. I won't make you unhappy by my opposition.



DORA. No, that's over—— (*Shakes head slowly.*)

FULLERTON. Then I shall be all the happier having you all to myself as I've had you always.

DORA. I must go—my mother's daughter hasn't any claim on you.

FULLERTON. I loved her and I love the daughter.

DORA. I've thought it over thoroughly—my mind's made up. Some day I'll try and repay you. Good-bye. (*Gives hand.*)

FULLERTON. (*Crosses to R.*) I can't allow it. (*Calls.*) Judge, send Mrs. Winthrop to me.

DORA. I told Mrs. Blair I'd come back.

(*Enter MRS. WINTROP.*)

FULLERTON. The child is broken-hearted. (*DORA sits sofa.*) Cornelia has been needlessly harsh and sudden. Tell her, Mrs. Winthrop, of all the years you've known us and how—how safe she is in the hearts of us all.

MRS. WINTHROP. You must know that, Dora.

DORA. It would have been kinder to have told me long ago—you should have told me.

MRS. WINTHROP. I didn't know it.

DORA. You didn't?

FULLERTON. No.

MRS. WINTHROP. Not till you told it yourself just here. (*Knock at back door.*)

DORA. (*Rises, crosses L.*) Who is that?

FULLERTON. I'll see. (*Opens door.*)

GRAHAM. (*Entering, comes down to DORA, L.C.*) Why, Dora, I'm so glad to see you.

DORA. (*To FULLERTON*) I can't stay. (*MRS. WINTHROP signals GRAHAM.*)

GRAHAM. (*Crosses to sofa*) What's happened?

MRS. WINTHROP. Bad news—don't ask——



GRAHAM. Holcomb and Vavin are here—at the Inn.

DORA. No—no.

FULLERTON. You needn't see him.

GRAHAM. (*To DORA*) Holcomb behaving badly?

DORA. No.

MRS. WINTHROP. Don't talk, Graham.

DORA. I want to go.

FULLERTON. We can't let her go.

MRS. WINTHROP. Go! Why, the idea!

DORA. You don't say it but—but I can feel the difference.

MRS. WINTHROP. Difference?

DORA. (*To GRAHAM*) You asked me to marry you, didn't you?

GRAHAM. (*Crosses c.*) Yes—and I mean to keep on asking it.

(*MRS. WINTHROP signals.*)

DORA. I'm an adopted girl——

GRAHAM. Adopted?

DORA. You didn't know that, did you?

GRAHAM. No—but—— (*MRS. WINTHROP touches GRAHAM—sees MRS. WINTHROP.*) But what of it? (*To Mother.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. What of it? Don't be heartless, Graham—they've just told it to Dora—and it's made her unhappy—naturally.

GRAHAM. Should think she'd be kind o' glad—stops all that nonsense talk about her——

MRS. WINTHROP. Graham!

DORA. Let him say it—about my mother——

GRAHAM. Well?

DORA. I still have her. It's the father I've lost.

FULLERTON. Dora.

DORA. Do you still want to marry me?



MRS. WINTHROP. (*Quickly*) That isn't fair, Dora dear. You know you have promised to marry Mr. Holcomb.

DORA. (*Quickly to FULLERTON*) There are some things in my old room that I need.

FULLERTON. My child.

DORA. I knew you'd say I might have them—  
(*Exit R.*)

FULLERTON. (*Calls*) Judge!

GRAHAM. I don't believe I'm a snob—but you frighten me, mother, so that I behave like one.

(*Enter JUDGE R.—MRS. WINTHROP goes to L.*)

FULLERTON. Dora doesn't consent to stay here.

JUDGE. Well, Mrs. Winthrop's cottage—

FULLERTON. I fear that won't be agreeable, either.

GRAHAM. (*To MRS. WINTHROP*) That was an awful jolt.

JUDGE. What?

GRAHAM. About Holcomb. Dora was trying to feel where she stood with us—mother substituted Holcomb.

MRS. WINTHROP. He's followed her—at the Inn—now.

FULLERTON. He may help us.

GRAHAM. He will help you if he's not a two spot.

FULLERTON. I can't leave her alone. (*To JUDGE.*) Telephone Holcomb. (*Exit R.*)

JUDGE. (*Starts to go R.*) Yes.

MRS. WINTHROP. Let Graham do it—I want a word with you. (*Bus. with JUDGE. JUDGE comes to MRS. WINTHROP, C.*)

GRAHAM. I can get him as soon as telephone. That's fate for you—make me play his game. (*Exit C.*)



MRS. WINTHROP. Adopted? (JUDGE *nods.*) But she's the very image of the mother.

JUDGE. (*Front of sofa*) She is—but even in France a child has—two parents.

MRS. WINTHROP. Don't endeavor to be idiotic, Judge—your natural equipment is enough.

JUDGE. (*Sits*) Thank you.

MRS. WINTHROP. You knew this.

JUDGE. Yes.

MRS. WINTHROP. How long?

JUDGE. About a month.

MRS. WINTHROP. And withheld it from me?

JUDGE. I'm Fullerton's attorney.

MRS. WINTHROP. Does that make you his accomplice?

JUDGE. In the mind of the layman—the relationship is sometimes confused—but with your clarity of perception, Gertrude——

MRS. WINTHROP. Rubbish. What of your boasted fidelity?

JUDGE. To Fullerton?

MRS. WINTHROP. To me.

JUDGE. Oh—— (*Pause.*) Fidelity to you.

MRS. WINTHROP. Yes.

JUDGE. (*Moves R. towards MRS. WINTHROP. Pause—smile*) That's the most encouraging thing you've said—do you know——

MRS. WINTHROP. You did your best to marry the girl to Graham—an adopted child!

JUDGE. But if Graham loved her——

MRS. WINTHROP. Oh—mush—— (*Crosses L.*)

JUDGE. Mush——

MRS. WINTHROP. How can we hope for any family distinction in America if men of your supposed intelligence connive at mongrel alliances——

JUDGE. (*Follows MRS. WINTHROP*) Mongrel?



MRS. WINTHROP. Think! Graham Winthrop to marry a girl—whose parentage—— Oh——

JUDGE. Was your affection for Dora genuine?

MRS. WINTHROP. I opened my apartment in New York——

JUDGE. (*More firmly*) Was your affection genuine——

MRS. WINTHROP. See here, Judge—don't brow-beat me.

JUDGE. Brow-beat——

MRS. WINTHROP. When I'm answering a question my own way don't adopt the method of a cross examiner.

JUDGE. Excuse me. (*Sits.*)

MRS. WINTHROP. I resent any conspiracy between him and his attorney to arrange a mesalliance for Graham Winthrop. (*Crosses to R.*)

JUDGE. I think I would have told you if there'd been any real danger.

MRS. WINTHROP. You didn't tell me.

JUDGE. It was all, Holcomb.

MRS. WINTHROP. You just said your fidelity to Fullerton kept you silent.

JUDGE. That was—my—first and superficial impression, but now I realize that I'd rather be disbarred than deceive you.

MRS. WINTHROP. Your willingness to be disbarred comes well after your retirement from practice.

JUDGE. Why, Gertrude, that's as—as pungent—as anything in Vavin's awful book.

(*Enter GRAHAM at back.*)

GRAHAM. Yes—this way!

(*Enter HOLCOMB and VAVIN.*)



HOLCOMB. (*To JUDGE*) Mr. Winthrop has told us the situation. I must be permitted to see Miss Dora.

JUDGE. Professor thinks you should see her. (*Exit R.*)

GRAHAM. No yellow streak in him.

VAVIN. It is not my affair—but in choosing a wife one should be sure—without doubt—content.

MRS. WINTHROP. Exactly.

HOLCOMB. Doubt?—of Dora!

VAVIN. Is there not?

HOLCOMB. Not with me.

VAVIN. (*Sits L.*) Isn't that of the theatre—these heroics.

HOLCOMB. Heroics? I'm not asking anybody's opinion of my conduct—not of her. On the contrary, I'm qualified to resent it—if it becomes unpleasant. (*Goes up to bookcase L.*)

(*Enter JUDGE.*)

JUDGE. She won't listen to us. Advise her to stop here to-night—at least.

(*Re-enter DORA and FULLERTON.*)

HOLCOMB. Dora.

DORA. Forgive me!

HOLCOMB. For what?

DORA. Your play last night——

HOLCOMB. I forget—the theatre. You're unhappy.

DORA. Yes. But I'm going to face it.

HOLCOMB. (*To FULLERTON*) Dora's told you she has promised to marry me?

FULLERTON. Yes.

DORA. No—you're generous of course, but you didn't know.



HOLCOMB. I do know.

DORA. Some day—it—would come between us—doubts like that grow and grow. You can't banish them—Monsieur Vavin knows. They drive boys to prison—they drive women to despair—they'd make—even you unhappy.

HOLCOMB. I'll take my share. Nobody's handed me any contract not to be unhappy.

DORA. In a year—I'll let you know wherever I am—if you still think the same way.

VAVIN. (*Goes up. Interposing*) You are leaving without a place to go.

DORA. Oh, no—I have a woman friend living here.

FULLERTON. A former servant, Monsieur, a mechanic's wife.

VAVIN. Your servant.

FULLERTON. Yes.

VAVIN. That will be safe then—but, my dear—my man Henri—(*Takes DORA's hand.*)—is he here?

GRAHAM. I'll see. (*Exit R.*)

VAVIN. You remember what I said to you only Monday afternoon at Mrs. Winthrop's—the courage of that nose, that firm jaw. Anyone but a girl with a strong mind after these years of suggestion would have broken down. Have done not as wisely as you do—any but a strong girl might have disappeared forever. Even a strong girl might have gone to her father at—at 'es college—I am proud of this judgment you show—to invite him here instead.

DORA. I had always gone to him in trouble. (*Looks at FULLERTON.*) I hoped that he might tell me Aunt Cornelia had—that she was mistaken.

VAVIN. That is still the hopeful way. Perhaps Aunt Cornelia is mistaken.

DORA. No—I am not the—— (*Pause.*) She was not mistaken.



(*Re-enter GRAHAM, R. DORA sits.*)

VAVIN. I meant mistaken about the mother's history——

GRAHAM. (*Reporting to VAVIN*) No, sir.

VAVIN. Thank you. Of course you are not the daughter of Professor Fullerton—but—what girl is 'es daughter! The world is full of girls of light heart and helpfulness and none—not one—'es daughter.

DORA. I am nobody's daughter.

VAVIN. Well, I have studied some—— (*Looks at JUDGE.*) Well—we must live. It is to face the future—— (*Takes her hand.*) Why do you think, my dear—God lets us suffer?

DORA. I don't know—I don't think I've deserved it.

VAVIN. I will tell you—from suffering comes pity for someone else who suffers, too.

DORA. (*Rises*) You mean——?

VAVIN. Anybody—everybody. From pity—comes the human love and then help and then altogether we broken-hearted—(*Lets her hand go.*)—we wounded ones—we cripples—we take one step forward—— (*Pause.*) It was a proud moment Monday afternoon when you—stood up and said “I will do my work in the theatre.”

DORA. I didn't know.

VAVIN. That is the way to do one's duty.

DORA. I'll get work of a kind a girl like me should do.

VAVIN. I know—in the books and newspapers—the unhappy woman gets some hard work with poor pay.

DORA. I'll do it.

VAVIN. That is again a suggestion. Get honest work, but don't refuse the best pay and you have not



to hunt for it. This gentleman, we have closed his theatre—for two nights. Now Monday again we open—yes.

HOLCOMB. (*Comes to DORA, L.C.*) Yes, Dora—(*To VAVIN.*) You'll help us. (*VAVIN nods.*) We'll get public interest—this good friend's help.

DORA. I can't.

VAVIN. Don't hear yourself speak that—say I'll try. (*Pause.*) With me—"I'll try."

DORA. Yes.

VAVIN. The words, "I'll try."

DORA. I'll try.

VAVIN. Bravo. It already begins—

DORA. You're awfully good to me.

VAVIN. You see, my friends—that is like the mother. She had also her work—and that same strong heart—what a fine thing for a mother to give that to her child—

FULLERTON. The mother was a charming and cultivated woman—she was subjected to unusual temptations and practically unprotected—when she made—her mistake—

VAVIN. Did she make mistakes?

FULLERTON. I have only her letter to her people—asking them—to give their name to her daughter.

(*HOLCOMB holds DORA as she starts to go.*)

VAVIN. Wait, my dear. I know something about that.

(*Enter HENRI.*)

VAVIN. Oh—Henri—the book? (*FULLERTON crosses to R. JUDGE L.*)

HENRI. Monsieur— (*Gives book. Crosses R.*)

VAVIN. My friends—here is a book I have found



—(To FULLERTON.)—since you first told me this same thing—here—four weeks ago. (*Regards book.*) I have marked the place—which I ask Judge Elliott to read—— (*Gives book—HOLCOMB goes back to c.*) Henri—my servant—Henri—ah Mademoiselle is very like her mother in the face—is she not?

FULLERTON. Almost identically.

VAVIN. Henri notices the resemblance a month ago—when we were here.

FULLERTON. Henri!

VAVIN. (c.) Nineteen years ago Henri was garçon for a man—well—for the father—of Mademoiselle.

DORA. (*Comes down*) My father!

FULLERTON. He is sure.

VAVIN. Even the mother's name he remembers. Your master called her——?

HENRI. Beatrice.

FULLERTON. Beatrice.

DORA. The man—who was he?

VAVIN. Henri said a journalist—for the papers—and that law—(*Indicates book that JUDGE holds.*)—you see a divorced woman must wait nearly a year—so they went to England and were married——

FULLERTON. He is sure.

VAVIN. He is sure.

FULLERTON. But—why her family name for her daughter?

VAVIN. I find that too—Judge. I have marked also a place—Marriage in a foreign country by a French citizen shall be lawful if in returning to France, the marriage is registered. (*JUDGE nods.*) Now this happens to them—There is a quarrel—domestic—between Madame Fullerton and the master of Henri. It occurs often that persons much in love have such a quarrel. The man is French—remember—foolish—young—he goes from this quar-



rel to Bordeaux and writes that law for the first time to 'es wife. Only to frighten her—he writes “Our marriage is not yet registered—In the French law you are not—my wife.” He writes that—this—this—scoundrel—and he says, Madame if you are to be often so *exigeante*—so unreasonable—I will not let this marriage be registered. Think of that blow on a wife's heart.

FULLERTON. Beatrice——

VAVIN. And then, too—her condition—which she conceals from 'em. Do you wonder that she—hides herself in that little stone house by the river at Montigny sur Loign—till—till she is dead?

DORA. He never went to her?

VAVIN. He didn't know—he is unhappy himself when he comes home to Paris. Then he registers this marriage—but she is away. He thinks only an angry woman has gone to America. He—he doesn't know until one day among the little girls, the young ladies by the convent he—*Mon Dieu*—the same face and the instructrice tells him “that is a little Americaine—that girl there.”

DORA. Tells *him*—tells—tells——

VAVIN. Tells *me*—I am that scoundrel—yes—yes.

DORA. You?

VAVIN. Yes.

DORA. My father.

VAVIN. God has been that good to me.

FULLERTON. It was you—you married her.

VAVIN. I married her. Between us—between you and me—we—we killed her.

FULLERTON. Killed her?

VAVIN. You drove her from you with your suggestions that she was frivolous and foolish to sing—I drove her from me with my suggestion that she was not a wife—when she was yet a mother.



DORA. My father.

VAVIN. Again—*cherie*, speak that!

DORA. My father.

VAVIN. I wear this button. I am in the *Academie*. I write my books just to be worthy to hear that word.

FULLERTON. Why did you not tell me this three years ago in France?

VAVIN. She thought you her father—you loved her. I could not be twice so selfish. (HOLCOMB to DORA.) I did not know that Aunt Cornelia was doing for this child what we did for the mother.

JUDGE. But last month when Professor Fullerton told us both in his room——

VAVIN. This child was then struggling—her soul to get a breath from under this smother-blanket of suggestion. We are not strong when one *lifts* us from our despair—only when we *ourselves* climb.

HOLCOMB. She is your daughter.

VAVIN. My daughter—In our plays, my son, let us help them to look up.

(CURTAIN)



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(First performance in New York Oct. 18, 1909)

CHARLES FROHMAN

*Presents*

A New Play, in Four Acts, Entitled  
THE HARVEST MOON

BY

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

CAST

(The Characters are named in the order in which they  
first speak)

CORNELIA FULLERTON.....	<i>Margaret Sayres</i>
DORA FULLERTON .....	<i>Adelaide Nowak</i>
PROFESSOR FULLERTON .....	<i>Stephen Wright</i>
MR. HOLCOMB .....	<i>John Stokes</i>
MRS. WINTHROP .....	<i>Jennie A. Eustace</i>
GRAHAM WINTHROP .....	<i>Thomas Russell</i>
JUDGE ELLIOTT .....	<i>John Saville</i>
HENRI .....	<i>Harry L. Lang</i>
MONSIEUR VAVIN .....	<i>George Nash</i>
MAID .....	<i>Helena van Brugh</i>

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### ACT II

MRS. WINTHROP'S Apartment, New York City. Four weeks  
later.

### ACT III

VAVIN'S Apartment, Plaza Hotel, New York City. Four  
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A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

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# The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfort of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

## June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

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## THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it.

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A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

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There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce.

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A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.

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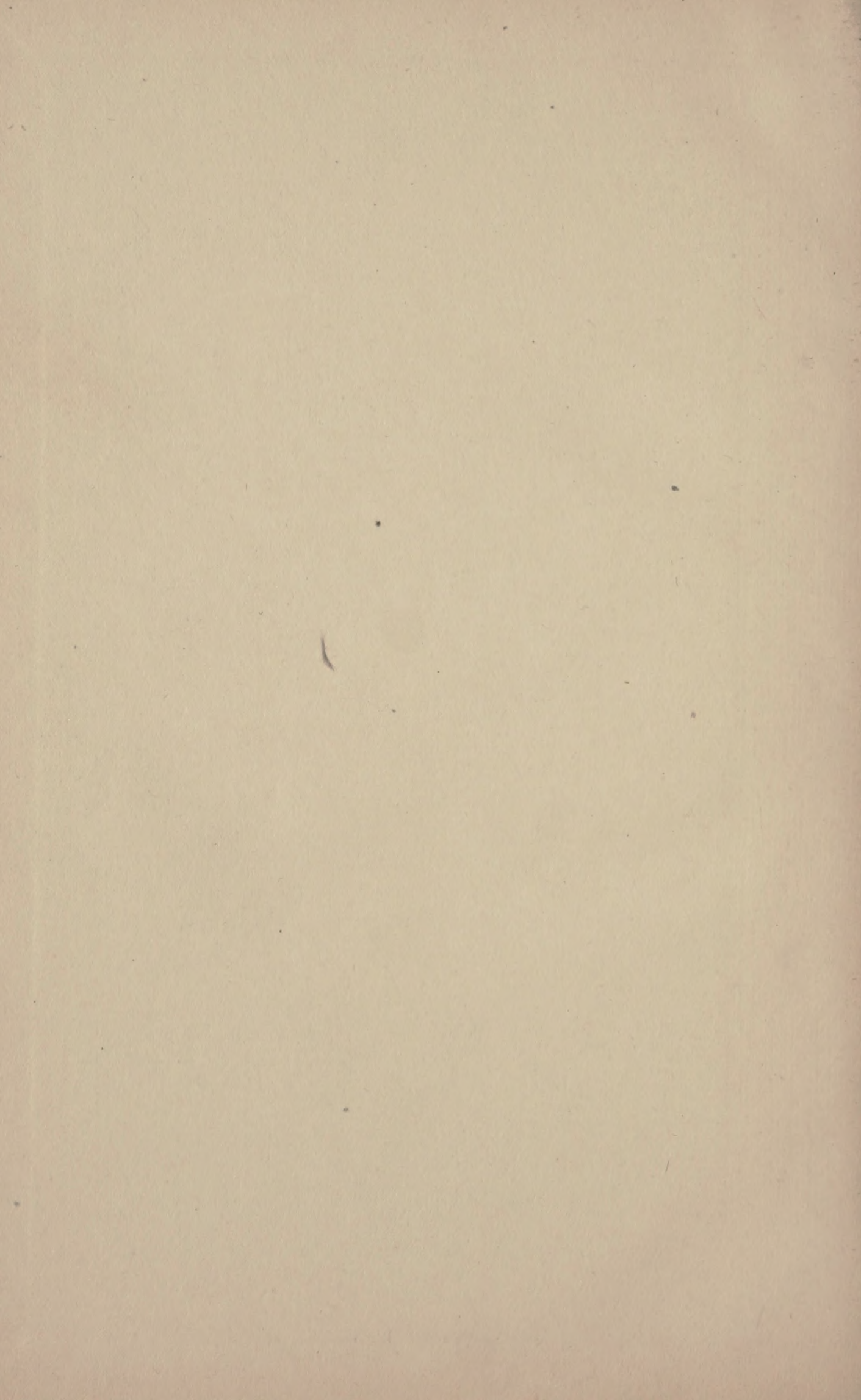
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